

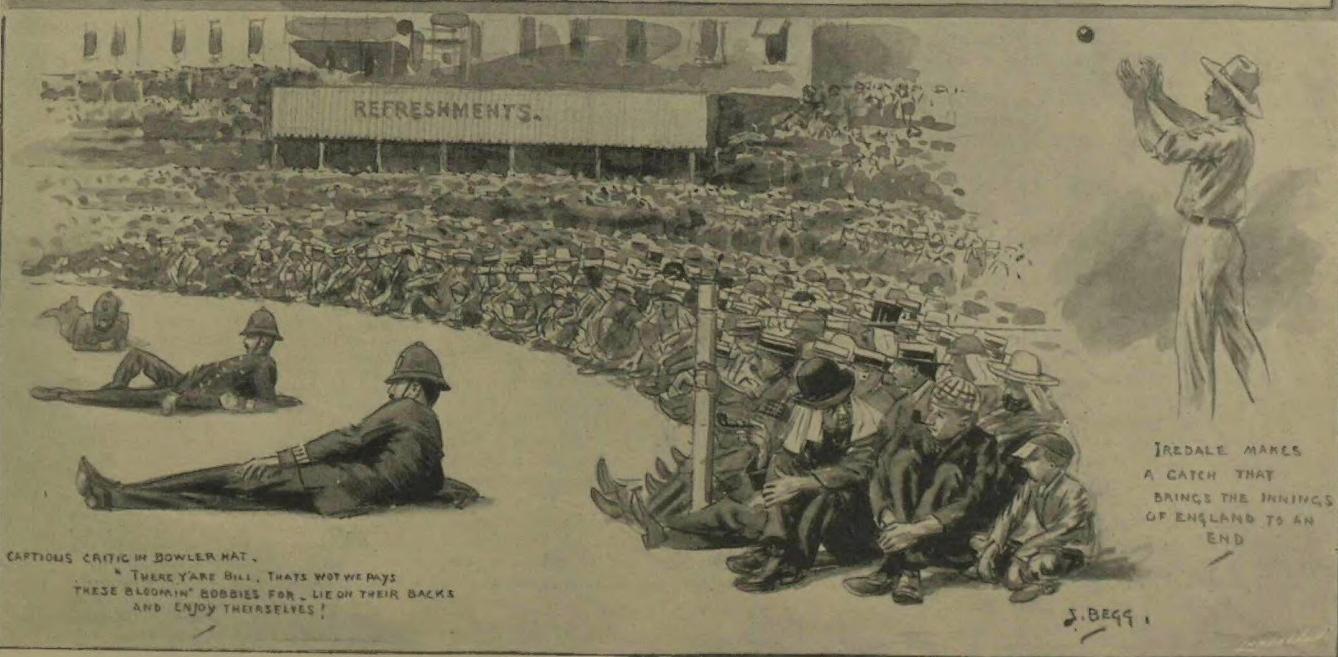
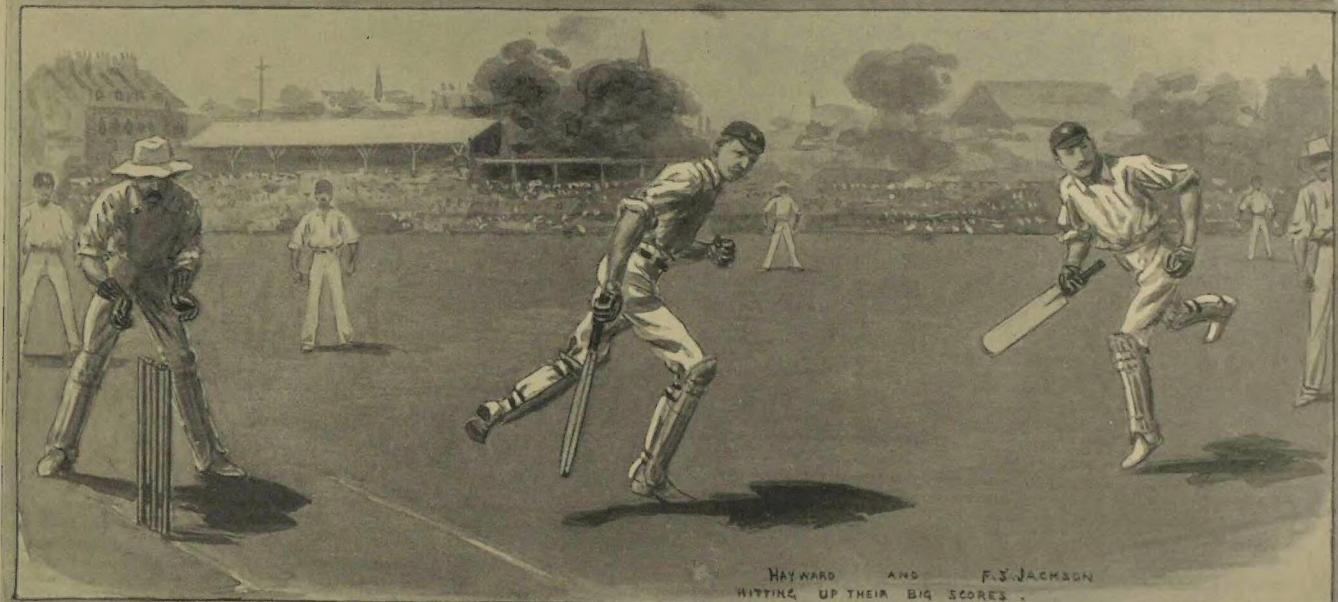
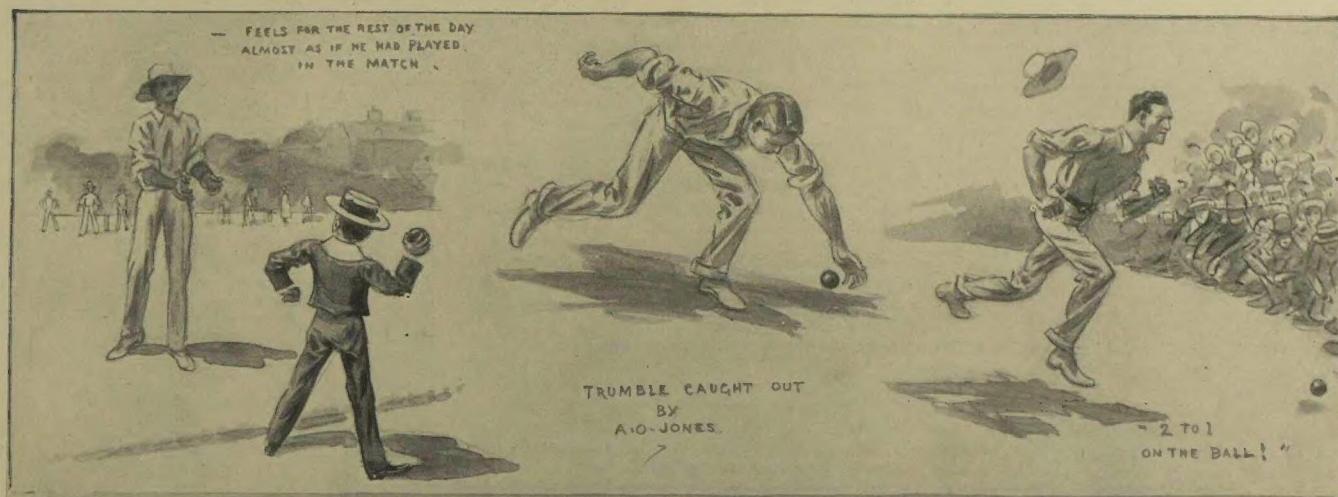
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Is France to be redeemed from the welter of crime and lunacy? A one-idea'd creature in a General's uniform unfolds a pack of nonsense to the Rennes court-martial, and a few hours later a half-witted creature tries to murder Maître Labori, one of the few sane Frenchmen who are conspicuous in this national crisis. France is passing through a struggle between the civil and military elements, between justice and organised malignity; but it is also a struggle between a majority of maniacs and a minority of people in their right minds. Gustave Flaubert was made a misanthropist by a morbid brooding over the stupidity of his countrymen. He left behind him three volumes of notes on the imbecilities of French writers—historical, scientific, literary, ecclesiastical. It is a formidable analysis, which, I am afraid, might be paralleled in every country; but it is trivial beside the insanity which now engulfs a great part of the French nation. If Swift came to life again he would find his Yahoos in the Army of France, in her Church, in her military and clerical Press. All pretence of humanity in those great instruments has disappeared, and instead of the lessons of religion, of reason and experience, of honourable dealing, he would hear the savage outcries of apes and cannibals. Not long ago Monsignor Richard, the Archbishop of Paris, announced that a great miracle would shortly establish the authority of Catholicism in France. When you read the vile babble of French clerical organs, when you see how they lie, how they prostitute every sacred instinct of the heart of man, and all to crush the innocent and extol the criminal, you wonder whether there is such an ironical picture in history as this Archbishop waiting for his miracle.

Elsewhere religion is not infected by this madness. The Pope has shown that he understands the issue, and is not blinded by passion. In England no member of the Roman Church feels bound to side with the French clergy. In France the Church has deliberately embraced a cause—which is the negation of every principle of civilised society. At every railway station you will find a curé buying the *Libre Parole*, to gloat over brutish insults to a Jew. The Army is as Christian as Clovis, who did not find that his conversion hindered his taste for murder. The Church, then as now, did not baulk this fine military spirit, and took care not to identify her interests with unpopular innocence. These noble elements, in amalgamation, produce the average French priest, and the average citizen who says that, although Dreyfus appears to be innocent he ought to be shot for bringing so much trouble on his country. Roguery or idiocy committed a crime in 1894, and it is proposed that the crime shall be repeated in 1899 because, in the interval, the "honour of the French Army" has been monopolised by the malefactors. All this would have suited the humour of Clovis; but it says little for the evolution of centuries in the heart and brain of a great European nation.

A schoolmaster's wife has boldly proclaimed the wrongs of her class, hitherto indignant but mute. How are schoolmasters' wives to correct the self-indulgence of insatiable boys who are supplied from home with excessive pocket-money and frequent hampers? Out of my own past rises the sternly florid visage of a matron who, when I received a hamper, made no secret of her disapproval. How well I remember it! No such hamper had ever been seen in the school. There were eight pots of jam, a gigantic cake, oranges and gingerbread galore. It was understood that every morning at eleven I should slip out of the class-room and repair to the kitchen, there to receive a slice of my cake. When the clock struck the hour, the eyes of the whole school turned on me—furnished eyes, full of envy. The agitation was so profound that the master in charge of the room had to strike his desk with a ruler to recall the boys to their work. It was of little avail. In thought they followed me to the kitchen, saw me devour the slice of cake, and greeted my reappearance with a concentrated scowl. Sometimes a crumb or a currant was visible on the front of my jacket. It was a torturing sight to my companions, and a hoarse whisper of "Greedy!" ran along the benches.

This unpopularity preyed on a sensitive mind. I did not want the whole cake, and yet I could not bring back slices for others. The matron with the florid visage discouraged my timid suggestion that the cake should be cut up and handed round. She may have been afraid that its appetising insufficiency would stimulate the boys, as the taste of blood stimulates tiger-cubs in captivity. She may have pictured a rising of the school, the storm of the pantry, and the appointment of a Committee of Public Gluttony. My position became intolerable. In playtime I was avoided or insulted. There seemed no end to that desolating cake. One morning it struck eleven, and I did not move from my seat. The master glanced at me inquiringly, as if I were disturbing the order of nature. The boys murmured: "He's eaten it all—greedy beast!" Then the door opened, and a little servant-maid, with a mischievous face and a shrill voice, cried: "Oh, if you please, Sir, missis says, isn't Master

Austin comin' for his cake?" There was a yell of derisive laughter as I crept out, and another when I returned.

So far, the jam was untouched, the matron having ruled that cake every day for a boy was sufficient corruption without any wallowing in jam. I implored her to give the remnant of the cake to the stable-boy and let me have jam at breakfast. Next morning a huge jam-pot was solemnly set down in front of my plate, and a hush fell on the assembly. I took a neighbour's plate and filled it with jam. A great shout went up; plates were thrust on me; the pot was speedily emptied, and I rose at a bound from the most abject wretchedness of popular olio to the summit of general worship. The scene was repeated next day; for eight glorious mornings I was the ideal of romantic generosity. The most august boy in the school, who, at the age of seventeen, was about to take leave of the academic grove and launch into the world of cotton-bales, slapped me publicly on the back and said I was a "young brick." I almost wept at the honour. Philanthropy was thought to be my mission in life, and a picture of me distributing jam to the natives of Polynesia had a great success. I wonder whether the next generation of boys at that school canonised me as an example to all urchins who receive hampers from home. The florid matron, I know, had the worst opinion of my future. She saw me a sybarite amid the jam-pots of Egypt—the victim of that parental unwisdom which, as the schoolmaster's wife says in the *Daily Chronicle*, forgets that the chief lesson for the school-boy is to "bring his body into subjection."

What chance is there for this great truth? Lives there a parent who has the moral courage to refuse pocket-money to his offspring? I remember pay-day at school—how a string of us passed in turn a window where the florid matron disbursed our respective pitances. Some boys had a dejected look; they were debtors, and hungry creditors eyed them viciously. The bitterness of life had indeed begun for them when the weekly threepence was impounded, and they could not visit the tuck-shop save by the grace of another loan. It was a favourite device to write home for stamps which were not required for correspondence. They were used for the purchase of rolls, which, divided in half, with a layer of sugar or treacle in between, made a delicacy that never palled. The schoolmaster's wife frowns on this from her moral altitude. Layers of sugar or treacle do not chasten the body; they may even give a boy a distaste for plain bread-and-butter. He may cause trouble by falling ill, or he may write home secretly and abuse the school fare. These are practical objections to the tuck-shop; but I do not follow the argument of one learned writer, that the schoolmaster's wife is incensed by the appetites of her charges because they leave so little profit. Then why not encourage tuck-shop, tips, and hampers? The more a boy gorges at the expense of his parents, the less capable he will be of gorging at the expense of the florid matron. I have heard, indeed, that the tuck-shop is a tacitly recognised appendage of a public school, because it practically cheapens the official rations by bloating the boys with luxuries.

I am an advocate of justice and reason. It is not Mrs. Squers who writes to the *Daily Chronicle*; it is a lady of severe principles, who errs, not on the side of parsimony, but in the application of ethics to schoolboys. Why insinuate that she wishes to stint their provender so that she may indulge in the Paris fashions? My complaint is that she expects a boy to be a polished automaton in a clean collar. She does not understand that human nature in boys is altogether disproportionate to their size and years. They are pugnacious, rapacious, voracious. Their fathers, mild and middle-aged, were just as bad in short jackets. In a word, the schoolmaster's wife who takes boarders sees too much of boys, and sees them too nearly. Moreover, they are not her own boys: that makes such a difference in the perspective!

I like the simplicity of Mr. Justice North's ideas of literary property. Anything in writing he can understand; but a speech which is tossed to the winds by an orator who has not been at the trouble to write it out, how can that belong to anybody but the reporter who has taken it down in shorthand? This reminds me of Mr. Pumblechook, whose sole test of property was that it should be portable. You can carry a brief in a bag—that is something tangible to the judicial mind; but a speech which is improvised by a man with a gift of the gab, what nonsense to pretend that he has any proprietary interest in it! Carlyle gave his famous address on the Choice of Books to a body of Scotch students. He just stood up without a note, and his ideas poured out of him. According to Mr. Justice Pumblechook, that address could not be the property of Carlyle, because he had made no portable copy. It is a truly delicious notion that a newspaper which does not pay a speaker or lecturer a farthing is to appropriate the fruit of his brains because it has reported him. If he is worth reporting, then the newspaper has had its fair return by the sale of the report; but to say that it is henceforth to own the copyright of the speech and control any republication is an audacious perversion of common-sense.

A LOOK ROUND.

The Marquis of Salisbury, who was busy at the Foreign Office at the commencement of the week, may well look worn and anxious. He has had a double trouble to bear. True, the anxiety naturally occasioned by the recent grave illness of the Marchioness is abating, as the reports of her Ladyship's progress are hopeful; but the Transvaal cloud appears, at the time of writing, to be gloomier than ever. The change in the command of the British Forces at the Cape, and the steady despatch of fresh troops to Natal, are especially significant when taken in connection with the most important passage in her Majesty's Address at the prorogation of Parliament.

These words in the Queen's Speech are so pregnant with meaning (when read by the light of the latest utterances of Lord Salisbury, Lord Selborne, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Chamberlain) that they deserve to be weighed well at this juncture—

"I have received a petition from a considerable number of my subjects residing in the South African Republic praying for my assistance to obtain the removal of grievances and disabilities of which they complain. The position of my subjects in the South African Republic is inconsistent with the promises of equal treatment on which my grant of internal independence to that Republic was founded, and the unrest caused thereby is a constant source of danger to the peace and prosperity of my dominions in South Africa. Negotiations on this subject with the Government of the South African Republic have been entered into and are still proceeding."

The last of the cricket-matches arranged for this season between England and Australia has been played, and the result cannot be other than gratifying to ourselves. It has proved that our batsmen can succeed even against the cream of Australian bowlers. Indeed, in order to leave as much time as possible for our bowlers to deal with the Colonials, the order was given to English batsmen on the evening of the first day at Kennington Oval to adopt vigorous methods regardless of consequences. Mr. F. S. Jackson and Hayward last Monday broke the record for a first wicket partnership against an Australian team in this country, scoring 118 and 137 respectively; and while the total of 576 is the highest ever made on English soil in a match between England and Australia, it is within ten of the number secured by Australia against Stoddart's team at Sydney in 1894. Ranjitsinhji made 54 and Mr. C. B. Fry 60. While praising our own cricketers, it would be unkind not to recognise the merits of the present Australian team in respect of playing an uphill game, and it would be unfair not to remember that among the many successes they have achieved, one was over England.

What throngs assembled at Kennington Oval on the first three days of the week! Londoners had got over the previous week-end sensation of Prince Lobengula's runaway match with Miss Katie Jewell, and streams of people poured from all directions to the great cricket centre of South London. Town empty! It spoke volumes for the vastness of London's population when, notwithstanding the crowded condition of every health resort, some 30,000 persons should have flocked to the Oval on Monday. Who could doubt in noting the absorbed interest with which this enormous multitude watched the splendid batting of Mr. Jackson and Hayward that cricket is our rightly named national game?

Looked forward to with almost feverish anxiety by some, "The Twelfth" has come and gone. It is to be feared that in many instances anticipation proved the better half of pleasure. Both birds and shooters must have felt the effect of the exceeding warmth of the weather. In one instance, at least, we hear of the dogs suffering so much from the "perspiring moments" that they could not be made to work. Perhaps these "faithful friends" deserved to be placed under the category of "not properly broken to the gun." There are dogs of this description, and when the fault is not discovered until the day on which so much is expected of them, the disappointment to the shooter or shooter is very great. On the whole, in spite of high temperatures, the grouse season would appear to have opened satisfactorily in several respects. Where the gunners were able previously to have a day or two with the rabbits, just to "get their eye in," and made few misses, there the bags were as good as expected.

The luck of "Mr. Jersey" has been a subject for conversation in racing circles. Now the marriage of Mrs. Langtry has become a topic of the hour. The secret was well preserved, for the wedding took place in Jersey on July 27, the day that Merman won the Goodwood Cup. The bridegroom is Mr. Hugo de Bathe, whose ancestry goes back to the Norman invasion. He is related to the wife of Mr. H. McCalmon, the latter being, like "Mr. Jersey," a great factor on the Turf.

The most important race meeting this week has been Stockton, a gathering much patronised by the iron-workers of the Tees and Wear Valleys. Stockton has also a fashionable patronage this year from the house party entertained at Wynyard by Lord and Lady Londonderry, among the chief guests being the Earl of Enniskillen, and Lord and Lady Lurgan. On the opening day, Sir Waldie Griffiths won the Wynyard Plate with Bettifyfield, a filly by that grand horse Amphion. A feature of the victory was the adverse conditions under which the younger won, making her success highly meritorious. At Wolverhampton, Mr. T. Wadlow, who often has a surprise in store, won three races with two horses, the dual winner being Valhalla. Folkestone Races this week formed a fashionable gathering, the military element being in strong force. This race-course is one of the few in England which has a good trout-stream upon it. Another is Lingfield, where some nice fish lie right under the course in the culverts. *

POPPYLAND IN BLOOM.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Ah, me! what wonderful things have happened in this holiday world since a never-to-be-forgotten August morning many years ago when I crossed the Lighthouse Hill at Cromer; rested in the ruined chancel of Overstrand; and eventually found my way by down, and village, and sea-cliff, through acres of scarlet poppies fringing the golden wheat, to the delightful solitude of the dear old Mill House at Sidesstrand.

What a sense of loneliness then! What a ring of holiday pleasure and excitement now! I can remember as if it were yesterday every detail of that lovely summer walk. I don't suppose I met half-a-dozen human beings between the almost deserted Cromer Close, where stands the noble church seen for miles around, until I leaned in the burning sunshine over the white mill-house gate, and heard in that garden of rest and peace the "murmur of innumerable bees" among the roses and the warm-scented lavender.

This little paradise of mine seemed bounded by Cromer Church on the one side and the Garden of Sleep on the other. On rare occasions one wandered on to Trimingham Beacon and distant Mundesley; enjoyed a glass at the village ale-house after a dusty tramp, and excited the imagination with the prospect of the deserted farm at Gillingham, in the hollow of the cottage-decked hills, peopled it with last-century men and women in the days of stage-coaches and pillions and highwaymen; but no stretch of the very wildest imagination could ever have suggested to me that the Cromer as I beheld it then could ever by any possibility be the Cromer as I see it to-day.

I sit down once more on the Lighthouse Down and think, ere I descend the hill to the ruined church in the valley. Yesterday, two little homely inns in Cromer Town—Tuckers and the Hôtel de Paris; to-day, palatial hotels, boarding-houses and mansions, pushed away into every nook and corner of the extended streets, and perched up on the hills of prospect. Years ago, as I gazed from land to sea, from sea to cliff walk in my accustomed cranny, no companion save the bumble bees and butterflies and rabbits, with their stumpy, little white tails scuttling into their numerous holes. To-day, the whizzing of the golf-ball, of "pink"-coated golfers, contrasted with the everlasting green, the chatter of the caddies, the loud laughter of the athletic men, echoed with interest by scores of equally athletic girls. In the old time, standing at the edge of the Down, I could distinctly hear the regular beat of the threshing-machine in the old barn that stood within half-a-dozen yards of Overstrand Church. But the old barn, so cool and comforting those hot August days, has been levelled to the ground to make way for one more "lordly pleasure-house," which is to rival the domain of my Lord of Battersea, who has turned an old-world fishing village on the cliff into a miniature park.

Red houses, Victorian villas, bungalows, all nesting in pretty gardens, dot the white road that once contained little else but a couple of cosy farms, Mr. Codding's inn, and one village shop, at which I purchased packets of lollipops for the village children, the Reynolds, the Culleys, and all the rest of them. Traps and brakes, and char-a-bancs and governess-carts, stream in endless succession along the familiar lanes, putting down their passengers to sketch the ruined churches, to take a peep at Miller Jerry's house and his famous flower-garden, to have tea on the mound where the picturesque mill once stood, and to make pilgrimages by a brand new road to the sleep garden, now more isolated than ever, and contrasting in its desolation with the new Sidesstrand Hall once known as The Highlands.

There was a time, not so very many years ago, when Trimingham Beacon, close by a simple roadside inn, and the church with the thatched lych-gate seemed to be the end of the world. On high days and holidays the miller would drive me with the old grey pony to attend farm-house sales, where I picked up old clocks and oak-settles and engraved warming-pans in the delightful district embodied in the Norfolk jungle—

Gillingham, Trimingham, Bacton and Trunch, North Repps and South Repps, lie all in a bunch.

But then it was so lonely in the Norfolk lanes that I should not have been surprised to meet, sneaking under some hedge, the weird "Shuck Dog" who haunts the village of Sidesstrand, and the tales of whom terrify the village "kiddies" out of their little wits.

But now civilisation and holiday-makers have spread themselves miles farther along the Cromer coast, right up to the bloater town of Yarmouth and the Charles Dickens village of Gorleston, sacred to the Peggotts, where, searching for the familiar "Ark," a veritable house-boat, I discover, on a lofty eminence of the cliff overlooking sands and harbour, a magnificent new Scotch baronial castle hotel, which seems as proud of itself and its exceptionally beautiful surroundings as its elder brother miles away at Cromer links.

Trimingham is no longer a deserted village bordered round with farmsteads, but rings all day, morning, noon, and night, with the jingling bell of the eternal bike and the hideous pulsating hiss of the motor-car, both of which implements of modern progression make a country walk a matter of sheer impossibility unless you want to be scared out of your seven senses or powdered like a miller with mounds of white dust. Behold, rejected and dejected Mundesley—where, at the oldest village inn, many a play was written in days of long ago by Wilson Barrett, following the example of George R. Sims and Henry Pettitt, and Algernon Charles Swinburne and Theodore Watts, who scribbled away in peace at my old Mill House—has sprung into sudden life and activity, as well it may, seeing that the railway enterprise has connected it with the pretty old-world town of North Walsham, with its comfortable old inn and warm welcome of the Shenstone patter.

The new Mundesley, swarming to-day with seaside visitors, is proud indeed of its smart hotels and shops and go-ahead demeanour, and there is only left its ruined church—one of the many of the ruined flint-built churches in romantic Norfolk—to remind one of the Mundesley as it once stood before the Poppyland craze began. But not even at Mundesley is planted the boundary-stone of this

enchanting district. The aforesaid railway has opened up the wild breezy scenery around the dunes of Walcott and Bacton, where another famous ruin close by the village green points to all that is left of Bromholm Abbey—the destination of the pilgrims of East Anglia in days of old, where they found preserved as a precious relic a piece of the True Cross. In every cottage, inn, and farm; in rectories and vicarages, over shops and post-offices, I find more traces still of the crowd of holiday-makers right away as far as Happisburgh—eccentrically pronounced Hazeborough—with yet another of Norfolk's famous Perpendicular churches, with rood-screen, octagonal font, and brasses well worth a long journey to see, for at the end of the cliff-side jaunt there is a rest in store for us at the Hill House Inn, with its sheltered bowling-green only second in importance to the celebrated one at the old Three Tuns at Yoxford, in Suffolk, which I may revisit in familiar Lazyland by-and-by.

So all along the favourite and well-known coast, once possessed by the lonely recluse, where men and women driven out of town wrote their plays and novels and poems in peace and solitude, I find them stretched on the burning sands, the sweet sea-breezes whistling in their ears, lolling on deck-chairs, in seaside gardens, the men tanned a coffee-brown colour, the women scarlet-capped and in fantastic Dutch costume. I find them up hill and down dale, tearing along with bent backs on their bicycles, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, literally "kicking up the dust," which in this rainless season reminds one of the Egyptian desert under the Pyramids and Sphinx. In fact, so far as I can see after a delightful ramble in my old home, Poppyland pulsates with pleasure, honestly won and as honestly enjoyed. Some take their rest working like sailors at the helm of a yacht or wherry on the Broads, winding in and out of those lazy lotus-eating rivers with their pretty painted ships on painted waveless dreamy lakelands; others enjoy peace by careering about on jangling bikes and bone-breaking motor-cars. The small majority frankly lie down among the wild sea-daisies right at the cliff's edge pretending to read, but eventually settling down with upturned faces to the cloudless everlasting blue, not sleeping, or dreaming, or worrying, or complaining, but, like Gretchen in "Faust," only thinking, thinking, thinking!

Personally, and of course selfishly, the Poppyland of the past, with its simpler, less eventful life; the Poppyland with its harvest-fields and gentle-minded villagers, who were joyous and blithely sang as they bound up the ripe sheaves; the Poppyland with the yellow evening primroses shining like golden stars in the mellow moonlight; the Poppyland where I could walk for miles and miles undisturbed by the new science of locomotion, which, if serviceable, is at least neither picturesque nor romantic; the Poppyland where I hunted for the grim Shuck Dog even at midnight in the Garden of Sleep; the Poppyland where, leaning over the old white gate, I was greeted with the courteous Norfolk "Good-night" or "Good-morning" from my dear and faithful friends the fishermen and villagers, may be still crowned with the perfumed flowers of many happy memories.

But we must not in these ever-pulsing times join in the song "Could but the world stand still!" It cannot do, so wish it as we may. We cannot with Herculean strength, even if it were desirable to do so, push back the enterprising railway, the seductive syndicate, the builder, the plasterer, or the triumph of wealth. Poppyland, like all things else in this world, must yield to the "greatest happiness of the greatest number," and it is doing so to-day with fullest measure.

Our attention has been drawn to the fact that in one of the river-side stories which appeared in a recent issue, the names of certain persons long resident in the immediate locality were used. We can only express our extreme regret thereof, and add our assurance that the story, so far as we are concerned, was published as one of pure fiction only.

The Vandycy Tercentenary Exhibition, which remains open until the middle of October, is quite close to the landing-place of the Harwich-Antwerp steamers, which run in connection with express trains leaving Liverpool Street at 8.40 p.m. every week-day. To visitors not only to Antwerp at this interesting moment, but to the Ardennes and the picturesque old towns of Flanders, the Great Eastern Railway Company are offering excellent facilities. During the time the exhibition is open, grand fêtes will be held under the supervision of an influential committee appointed by the town of Antwerp.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

CONVENIENT FAST EXPRESSES FOR TOURISTS AND FAMILIES.

NORTH WALES TOURIST RESORTS.

		a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston)	dep. 9.30	11.15	1.30
	9.30	11.0	—
Rhyl	arr. 3.32	4.30	6.55
Dover Bay	arr. 3.51	5.59	7.35
Llandudno	arr. 3.50	5.29	7.40
Penzance	arr. 4.8	5.22	7.36
Bangor	arr. 3.24	5.43	7.55
Folkestone	arr. 4.8	—	9.55
Gresham	arr. 4.8	—	9.38

CENTRAL WALES.

		a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston)	dep. 9.30	11.0	2.35
	9.30	11.0	—
Aberystwyth	arr. 3.35	5.55	—
	4.20	5.30	9.45

BLACKPOOL AND ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

		a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston)	dep. 10.25	11.30	—
	10.25	11.0	—
Blackpool	arr. 4.0	—	—
Windermere	arr. 4.3	—	—
Windsor	arr. 4.40	—	—
Roswick	arr. 6.0	—	—

For further particulars see the Company's Time Tables and Notices.

Euston, August 1899. FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

ROYAL MAIL ROUTE TO HOLLAND.

HARWICH-HOOKE ROUTE

TO THE CONTINENT daily (Sundays included),
QUICKEST ROUTE TO HOLLAND AND CHEAPEST TO GERMANY.
EXPRESS SERVICE TO NORWICH, PERAMBURK, AND SWEDEN.
RESTAURANT CARS and THROUGH CARRIAGES to the North and South
German Express Trains to and from the Hook.

HARWICH-ANTWERP

Route for the Ardennes (Cheapest Continental Holiday), Brussels, Spa, &c., every
Week-day.

Combinat. Tickete (Handweise System), Cheap Through Tickets and Tours to
all parts of the Continent.

From London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m., or the Hook of Holland,
and at 8.40 p.m. for Dover, Direct Service to Harwich from Scotland, the North and
Midlands. Restaurant Car between York and Harwich.

The Great Eastern Railway Company's Steamers are fitted twin-screw vessels,
lighted throughout by electricity, and under the British Flag.

HARWICH, via Harwich by G.S.R. Co.'s S.S., Wednesdays and Saturdays.
Arrivals and Departures of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

WEEKLY.



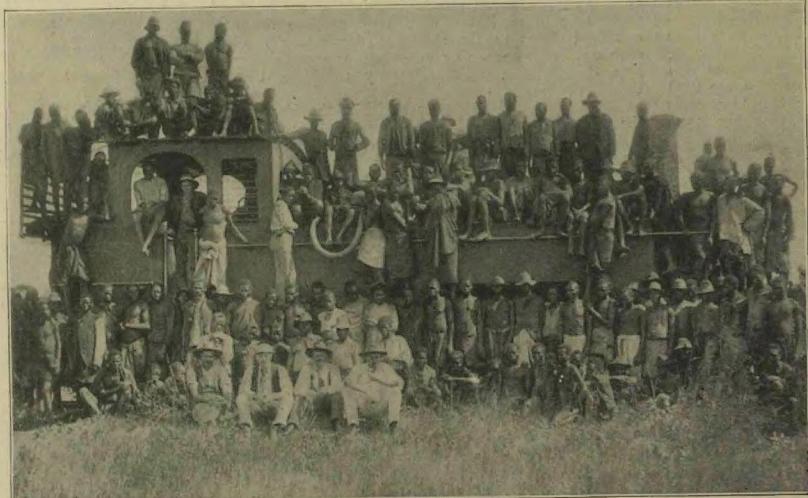
THE LAST TEST MATCH AT THE OVAL: MR. F. S. JACKSON AND HAYWARD'S BRAVE STAND.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY.

Step by step Mr. Rhodes's great scheme of a Cape to Cairo railroad comes nearer realisation. At Bulawayo, on May 30, the first sod of the Northern Extension Railway was turned amid great rejoicing. The ceremony was witnessed by a large crowd, in which all the interests—Government, commerce, mining and municipal—were well represented. The actual ceremony was performed by Mrs. S. F. Townsend, who was presented with a gold shovel.

On June 19 further celebrations began at Beira to signalise the opening of the line to Salisbury. Of this we give two interesting



THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY: A PLATELAYERS' ENGINE AT SALISBURY.

Illustrations: one showing the first engine to reach Salisbury, the other a motley group of empire-builders, white and black, congregated upon a platelayers' engine. On June 18 the Salisbury visitors and the B.S.A. police band came to Beira by special train. On June 19 the festivities began in earnest. Messrs. Lawley and Pauling, the builders of the line, entertained in the most hospitable manner, putting up over three hundred guests. There was also a rowing race between amateurs belonging to Salisbury, Beira, and Umtali, in which the first-named crew won by half a length. In the yacht race, Mr. Goldsbury's *Don*, built and sailed by the owner, was victorious.

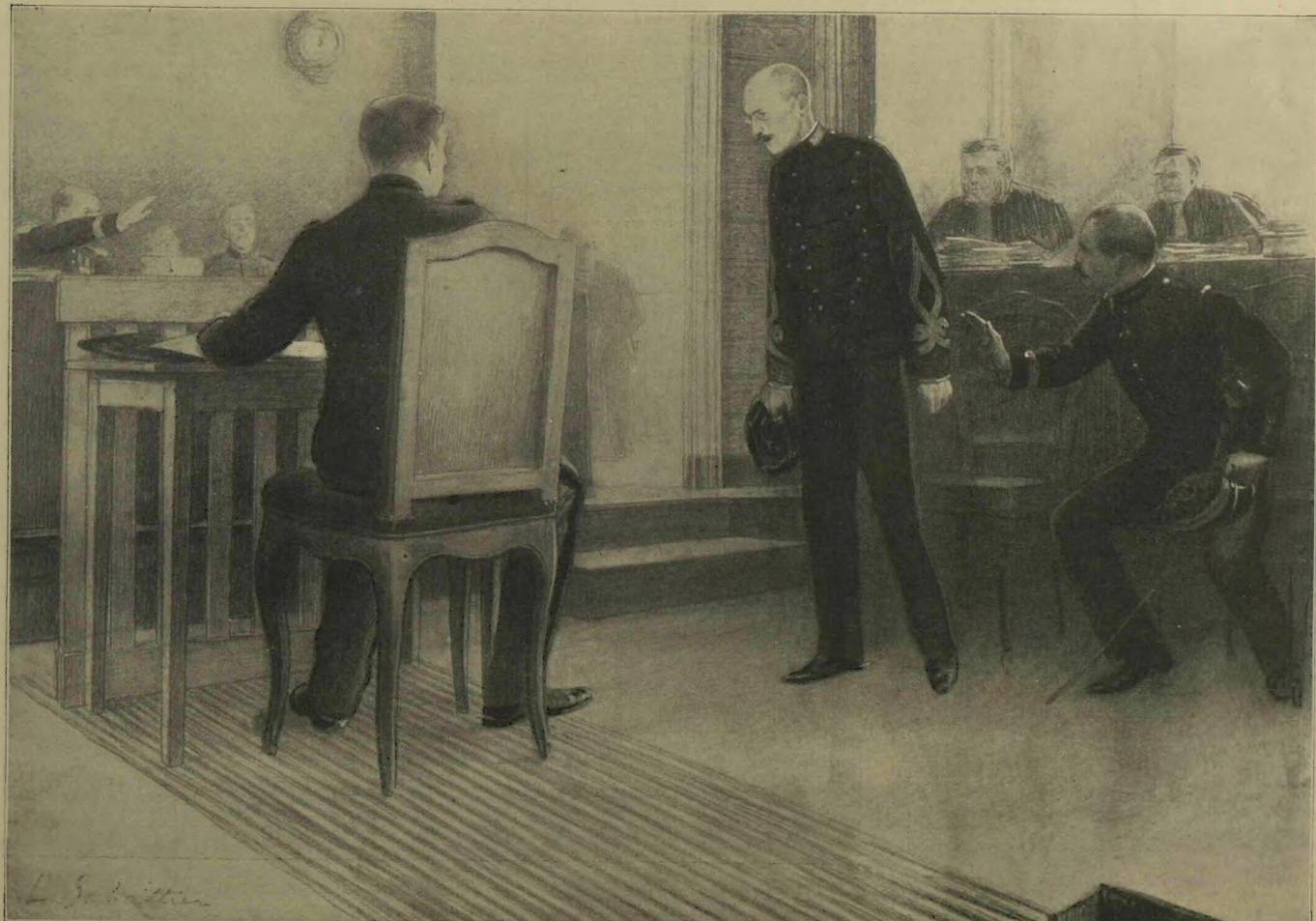


THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY: THE FIRST ENGINE TO REACH SALISBURY.

Photographs supplied by S. Stackard, Shoreham.



THE NATIONALIST ARRESTS IN PARIS: OFFICES OF THE GRAND OCCIDENT IN THE RUE CHABROL, WHERE M. GUÉRIN WAS BESIEGED.



THE RE-TRIAL OF DREYFUS: SCENE BETWEEN GENERAL MERCIER AND THE PRISONER.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

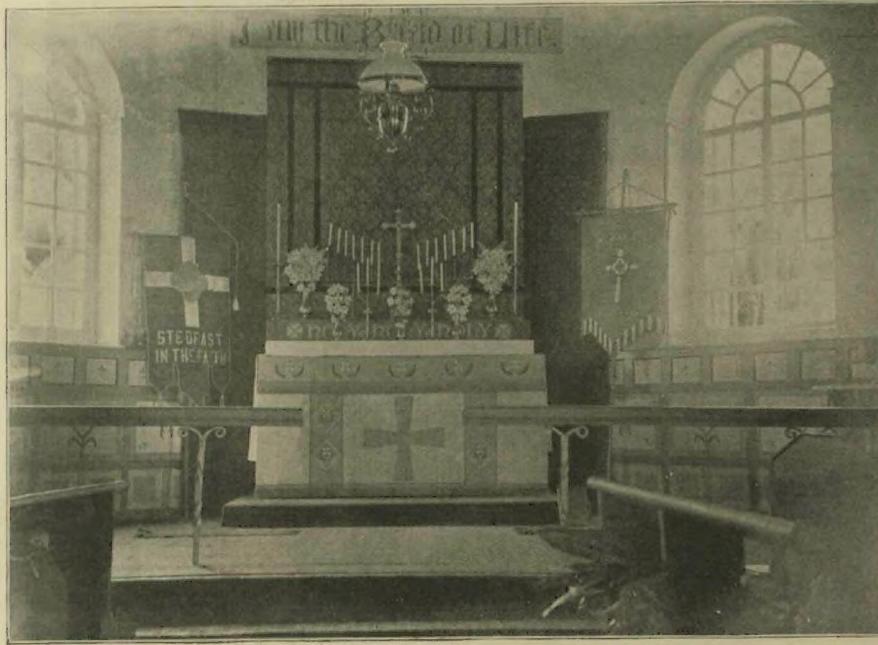
THE DREYFUS TRIAL.

Outside of France the world has long made up its mind on the Dreyfus case. If France were like any other country, the judgment of the Supreme Court would have settled the case for the majority of Frenchmen. At this moment, however, it is quite uncertain whether the court-martial at Rennes will adopt the conclusions

however, pronounce him out of danger, and he has been removed to the residence of Professor Busch. The assailant, although at once pursued by four squadrons of cavalry, two regiments of infantry, one hundred Paris detectives and many gendarmes, was at large at the time of our going to press.

THE RUE CHABROL SIEGE.

M. Jules Guérin, who has been amusing himself and the world by fortifying a house in Paris with mineral



THE CHANCEL OF ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH, MONTSERRAT, DESTROYED IN THE RECENT HURRICANE.

of the Supreme Court, even on the points which the civil authority has not submitted to the military tribunal.

For example, the forty-seven Judges of the Court of Cassation decided absolutely that Captain Dreyfus had made no confession, and that such a confession was impossible. Nevertheless, Captain Lebrun-Renault, who professes to have received the confession, sticks to his story, and nobody can say whether the court-martial will or will not believe him.

The only point referred by the Supreme Court to the court-martial is this: Did Dreyfus communicate to a foreign agent the documents enumerated in the *bordereau*? The forty-seven civil judges agreed that Esterhazy was the author of the *bordereau* on which Dreyfus was originally convicted. Esterhazy's confession of the authorship has sustained this judgment.

Still, the chief witnesses for the prosecution, General Mercier, General Billot, M. Cavaignac, and General Zurinden, on Monday reiterated that Dreyfus wrote the *bordereau*, which was admittedly a treasonable paper addressed to Colonel Schwartzkoppen, the German military attaché in Paris.

If the court-martial should come to the conclusion, in spite of overwhelming evidence, that Dreyfus was justly convicted on the *bordereau*, then they will set themselves in open antagonism to the Supreme Court, and their verdict will be quashed. If they find that, although not the author of the *bordereau*, Captain Dreyfus communicated the documents which it specifies, then they will have to assume complicity between him and Esterhazy, whom he does not know by sight.

Esterhazy's story is that he wrote the *bordereau* by order of the General Staff to provide "material proof" against Dreyfus; but this explanation is repudiated by his superiors, and the court-martial, in the prudent absence of Esterhazy, is not likely to take cognisance of it.

The most exciting elements of the trial so far have been the deposition of General Mercier, his admission that he committed a crime in 1894 by submitting documents secretly to the first court-martial, his excuse that this was made necessary by the imminence of war, the flat contradiction by M. Casimir-Perier, who was President of the Republic at the time, the utter failure of General Mercier to produce the new and conclusive evidence which his party confidently anticipated, the vehement reproaches addressed to him by Captain Dreyfus.

All this, however, has been eclipsed by the attempt to murder Maitre Labori on the very day when the most powerful advocate in France was about to cross-examine General Mercier.

On the morning of Aug. 14, as Maitre Labori was proceeding to the Court, an assassin leapt from an ambush, shot him in the back with a revolver, and immediately fled. Colonel Picquart, who was with Maitre Labori at the time, gave chase, followed at a greater distance by the advocate's valet. Colonel Picquart eventually abandoned the pursuit and returned to his friend, whom he found lying on the pavement supported by his wife, who had by this time arrived. Maitre Labori was conveyed to his house, and for some time the physicians' reports were not reassuring. The latest bulletins,

THE OPENING UP OF DOVE DALE.

Dove Dale, in Derbyshire, hitherto comparatively inaccessible, has just been opened up to the tourist by the enterprise of the London and North Western Railway Company. The new line gives direct communication between London and Buxton, as well as supplying the Peak District with an expeditious service of trains in connection with all principal stations on the Company's system. The Derbyshire Dales preserve almost unblemished that primitive spirit which was theirs when Isaac Walton and Charles Cotton went a-fishing in the river Dove. The anglers put up at Hartington, a place so exceptionally healthy that it is said no doctor can establish a practice there. When once the new railway has set you down in these happy valleys, you still find an endless variety of pleasant excursions: to Chelmonorth, which has the highest church in England, or to the romantic beauties of Ashwood Dale, Blackwell Mill, or Chee Dale, or the sequestered shades of Miller's Dale and Monsal Dale. Haddon Hall is within easy driving distance, and so is Chatsworth, whose gardens, skirted by the Derwent, will certainly not be omitted by visitors. From the Rothes, a fantastic rampart of cliffs, fine views of Staffordshire and Cheshire may be enjoyed. This fair new holiday resort cannot fail to win wide popularity.

THE AMERICANS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The outcry caused in America by the constant failure of the military operations against the Filipinos has determined the Administration to prosecute the war with renewed vigour. Now that General Alger has been removed from the post for which he was so ill-fitted, the prospects of an immediate American success are greatly increased. Alger's successor, Mr. Elihu Root, is straining every nerve to provide Generals Otis and McArthur with the necessary reinforcements of men and ammunition; there is even some talk of placing General McArthur in supreme control. Stores and men are constantly arriving at Manila, and it is proposed to utilise the railway system so as to get into direct touch with the enemy, following the example set by Lord Kitchener in his advance on the Sudan. Armoured trains are said to form an important item in the new plan of campaign. On Wednesday last week General McArthur's entire force started early in the morning to attack the main insurgent army. The advance was steady, but extremely difficult, owing to the mud, water, and intense heat. The enemy gradually fell back upon Calut, which was soon captured. The Americans then swept on towards Angeles and Porac, losing forty in killed and wounded.

Our Illustrations show not only the exceedingly difficult nature of the country, but also the important part which railways and railway-bridges play in the game of strategy between Americans and the Filipinos.

WEST INDIAN HURRICANE.

Of all the islands devastated by the recent hurricane in the West Indies none has suffered more than Montserrat. The Governor of the Leeward Group cables that every church and chapel in Montserrat has been destroyed. Our photographs of St. Anthony's and St. Mary's will give some idea of the force of the storm that was able to overthrow these substantial edifices. When it is realised that the houses of



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, MONTSERRAT, DESTROYED IN THE RECENT HURRICANE.

Through a wicket in the door M. Guérin was served with a warrant for his arrest. Thereafter he became technically an outlaw; and in further dealing with him legal formalities need not be observed. The street was open to traffic on Aug. 16, the police having orders to wait quietly until M. Guérin should capitulate of his own accord, which would be, no doubt, when he had come to the last cartridge, or, rather, the last syphon of soda-water.

The negroes are built of rough timber and are thatched with dried leaves of sugar-cane or coconut, it will easily be seen what a poor chance these flimsy structures had of resisting the hurricane. Indeed, the whole population of Montserrat is practically left without a shelter. The case of Porto Rico, recently won by America in the war with Spain, is even more desperate. Our Illustrations are from pictures supplied by the Rev. A. Newns.

PERSONAL.

Prince Victor Napoleon has sent a stimulating telegram to a dinner-party of his supporters in Paris. It is one of the oddities of the French Republic that it permits conspirators to spout sedition, so long as they are supposed to confine themselves to spouting. No other country would tolerate such a demonstration, with a Pretender sending telegrams from the safe side of the frontier. The Hanoverian dynasty is not threatened by the harmless vapouring of the White Rose League. But if some of the Legions were already in prison for treason, and a Jacobite Prince had a party in Parliament, the Government would not allow his friends to drink to his success and read his telegrams at public banquets.

Lieutenant-General Sir F. Frederick William Edward Forestier-Walker, who has just succeeded General Butler as Commander-in-Chief of the troops at the Cape, has had a distinguished career, and has seen a good deal of service in South Africa. This is the fifth time he has been ordered to the Cape on special service, and he has filled every post there, from that of an A.D.C. to that of Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General. In Egypt he acted as Major-General from 1890 to 1895. He went through the Kaffir Campaign, Zulu at the occupation of Etsihowe, for which he was mentioned in despatches, received a medal with clasp, and was made a C.B. He received his C.M.G. for his services as Quartermaster-General in the Bechuanaland Campaign of 1885.

Dr. Koetlitz, who recently visited Abyssinia in company with Lord Lovat, tells an interesting story of his visit to the "Sacred Mountain," forty miles from the capital of Menelik. Hidden away in the forests which cover the mountain are innumerable chapels, which abound with coloured Biblical pictures of German importation. One of these, which Dr. Koetlitz was looking at, was a gaudy representation of St. George and the Dragon. The Doctor remarked that St. George was the patron saint of Britain as well as of Abyssinia; but the holy men were very dubious, till he hit on the idea of producing a sovereign. This, he says, convinced the Abyssinians not only of the truth of his statement, but also that he was a Christian of a high order!

Dr. Herzl seems to have made some progress with the cause of Zionism. He announced at the Basle Congress that the executive of the movement already possessed two millions sterling, "and would be able to get to colonising work as soon as a firman was granted" by the Sultan. This means that a considerable number of Jews would at once be conveyed to Palestine. Dr. Herzl claims to have a million subscribers to this project. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether the Sultan will be persuaded to allow the creation of a Jewish State in his dominions.

Mr. Henry William Cripps, Q.C., Chancellor of the diocese of Oxford, and Chairman of the Buckingham Quarter Sessions, died on Aug. 4 at his residence near Marlow. Mr. Cripps was born in 1815, was educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, and was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1840. He became a Bencher in 1866, taking silk the same year. In 1852 he became Recorder of Lichfield. Some years ago, Mr. Cripps conducted a large practice as Parliamentary Counsel, and since his retirement his work has been carried on by his sons. Mr. Cripps was a writer on legal subjects, his principal work being a book upon the laws relating to the Church and the clergy.

The American yacht *Columbia* has shown a marked superiority to the yacht *Defender*, and American yachtsmen have accordingly high hopes that she will hold the America Cup against the *Shamrock*. Some misgiving is harboured on the subject of the weather, which, under certain conditions, may prove prejudicial to the *Columbia's* beam. Beams evidently form the chief topic of American conversation just now. What a beam may do in the eye of the wind leaves no room for the mote.

Prince Lobengula is opposed to racial distinctions. White men, he says, marry native women in Africa, and he does not see why black men should not marry white women in England. It is not expected, however, that in future ebony ornaments from the South African show at Earl's Court will figure as bridegrooms at St. George's, Hanover Square.

Closely following on the retirement of Sir James Vaughan comes that of Sir John Bridge, Chief Metropolitan Police Magistrate. Sir John was born in 1824, and was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1849. In 1850 he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple. In 1872 he became Magistrate of the Southwark Police Court, where he remained until 1890, in which year he received the appointment he has just resigned. Most notable among the memorable cases which Sir John Bridge has tried stands the preliminary investigation of the charges against Dr. Jameson and his comrades. Sir John carries into his retirement the good wishes of a large circle of friends.

The Foreign Office has lately made two extraordinary appointments. Mr. J. E. Blount, who has been for many years Consul-General at Salonica, who was born in the Levant, and speaks all the Levantine tongues better than he speaks English, and whose wife, a very clever woman, does not know English at all, has been transferred to Boston! The duties of a British Consul at Boston are purely commercial; Mr. Blount is a diplomatist. Then Sir Herbert Chermside, late Military Attaché at Constantinople, also a diplomatist, who has had nothing to do with purely military work for fifteen years, has been appointed to a military command in Ireland!

Mr. Franklin Lushington, who succeeds Sir John Bridge, has been a Police Magistrate at Bow Street since

1890. Mr. Lushington was born in 1823, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was Senior Classic. In 1853 he was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple, and in 1864 became Metropolitan Police Magistrate at the Thames Court. His father was E. L. Lushington, Puisne Judge in Ceylon.

Arrangements for the Church Congress are already well advanced. Over eighteen thousand

tickets have been sent out for the mass meetings. It is believed that the new American sounding-board will greatly facilitate the task of speakers in the Albert Hall. The orator stands within an erection resembling a huge shell, and thus his voice is dispersed in a greatly increased volume over the building.

The regrettable death of a French sailor on the poaching trawler which was captured by the gun-boat *Leda*, has greatly disturbed some Paris journalists, who are not acquainted either with the habits of trawlers or with international law. They may be comforted to learn that twenty-three British trawlers have been caught fishing in prohibited waters off the coast of Iceland. Strangely enough, the commander of the Danish gun-boat which effected this capture blew his brains out, and the bullet nearly killed a fellow-officer. There is a mysterious fatality about trawling.

The Queen, on the recommendation of the Home Secretary, has appointed Mr. Cecil Maurice Chapman to be a Metropolitan Police Magistrate, in consequence of the resignation of Sir John Bridge. Mr. Chapman was called to the Bar, at the Inner Temple, in July 1878. He has been attached to the South-Eastern Circuit as a special pleader, and attended the Surrey Sessions and the Lord Mayor's Court. It was the appointment of Mr. Lushington to succeed Sir John Bridge as chief Police Magistrate of London that created a vacancy for Mr. Chapman.

Photo. Fry and Son.
THE LATE MR. HENRY W. CRIPPS, Q.C.

Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. C. M. CHAPMAN.

Thirty-five millions of francs, according to General Mercier, have been subscribed by England and Germany to the cause of Dreyfus. Germany is not as rich as we are, so most of this tidy sum must have come from British pockets. Did the Lord Mayor open a Mansion House fund? Were collections made in churches, and benefit performances given in the theatres? Or did Sir Michael Hicks Beach advance the money from the Exchequer and say nothing about it in the Budget? That seems the most likely story.

Mr. Ernest G. Maxse, her Majesty's Consul at Samoa, has had conferred upon him a Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. This honour has been granted by her Majesty in recognition of Mr. Maxse's services during the recent Samoan crisis.

Sir Edward Frankland, for so many years Government Analyst of the Metropolitan water supply, died in Norway on Aug. 9. Sir Edward was born in 1825 at Churchtown, near Lancaster, and was educated at the Grammar School of his native town, and at the Universities of Marburg and Giessen. He also studied under the late Lord Playfair. In 1851 he was appointed Professor of Chemistry in Owens College, Manchester, holding the chair for six years. From this he passed to the same chair at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and in 1863 was elected Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution. His last appointment was that of Professor of Chemistry at the Royal College of Chemistry, from which he retired in 1885.

It carries one back to the Middle Ages to learn that the Plague is once again in Europe. For the past few days there have been rumours of the presence of the disease in Oporto, and it is now known that a message reporting twenty-six cases and eleven deaths had been stopped by the Portuguese Government at Lisbon. Lazarettos have been established on the Frontier. The natural tendency to hush the matter up is, of course, nothing new. One remembers the ordinance issued by the Edinburgh magistrates during the great visitation of the sixteenth century, whereby all found guilty of concealing the pest were to be "hanged by the craig."

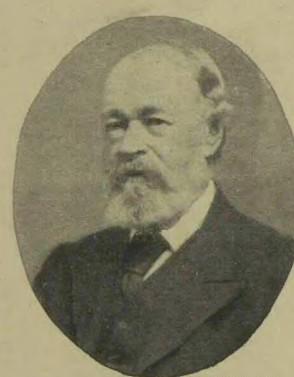
Greater America is evidently no watchword of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's, who has contributed 1000 dollars to further the work of the Anti-Imperialist League. He is pleased with the reply of that body to those who denounce true patriots as traitors. Such, he says, trample American principles under foot. These are the real traitors, not we who stand by the doctrines of our forefathers.

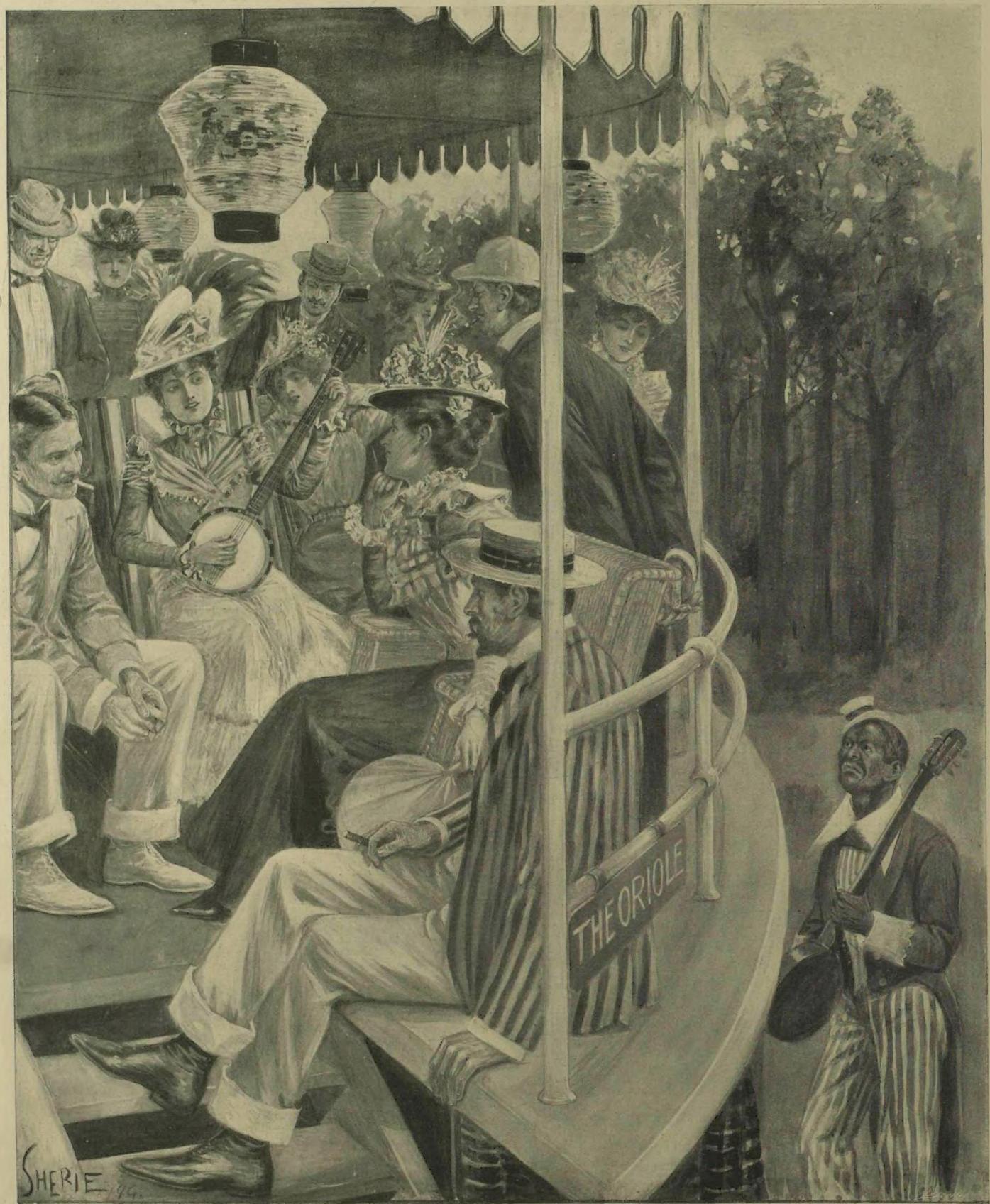
The two zebras sent by the Emperor of Abyssinia to Queen Victoria on Sunday reached England, to the climate and fare of which the Zoological Gardens is now doing its best to accustom them.

In Alderman Layton, who died on Aug. 3, Croydon has lost a prominent townsman. He was deputy for the Ward of Cornhill, and member for the South Norwood Ward since the incorporation of the borough in 1883. During the first Jubilee year of her Majesty's reign Alderman Layton was Mayor. At the last Jubilee, he founded the annual Layton Dinner, for which he handed over to the Council the sum of 2000 guineas. Mr. Layton's geniality endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. In the City he was noted for his ready hospitality. The Court of Whitgift Governors and the Borough Bench conveyed messages of sympathy to the late Alderman's widow.

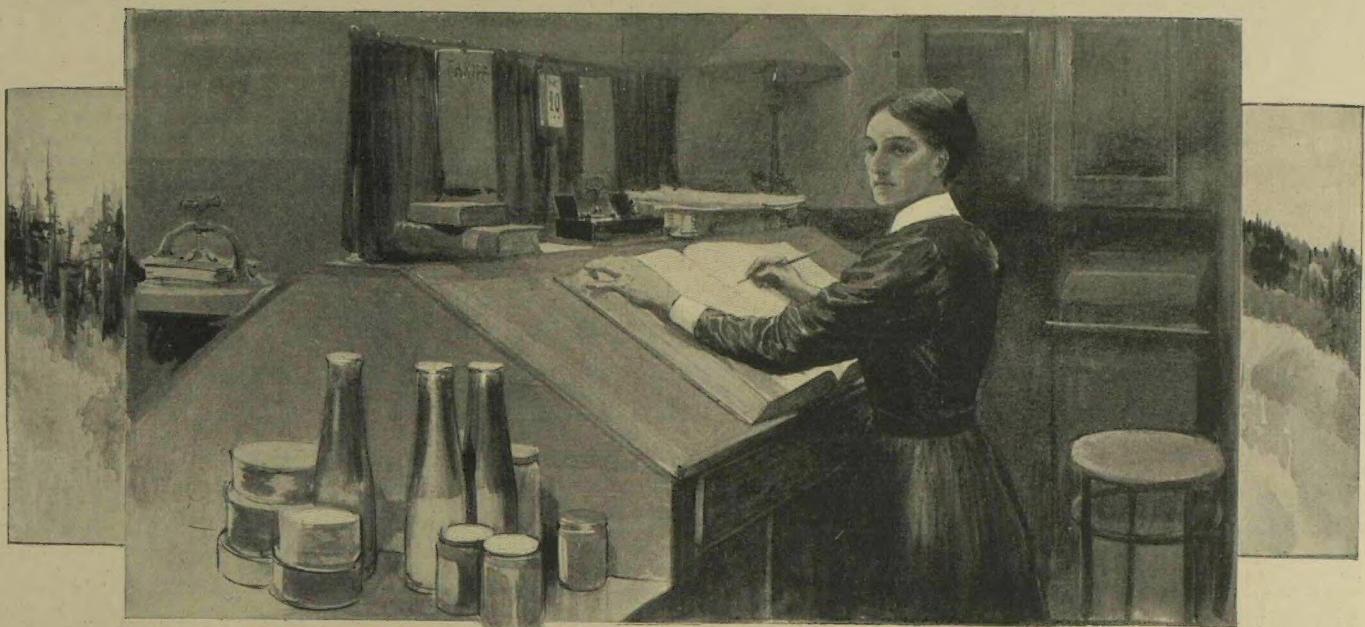
The Royal Mound of the Hill of Tara, on which the Kings of Ireland were crowned with pomp and ceremony, has suffered from an act of foolish vandalism. Dr. Healy, Rector of Kells, says it has been destroyed beyond the possibility of restoration. It seems that a gentleman named Glover hoped to find the Ark of the Covenant buried beneath the Mound! He obtained permission to excavate from the gentleman who owned the property, and the sacred soil of the Mound is now rent, like that of Ilium, "with shaft and pit," but the Ark of the Covenant has not yet been found.

Apparently the evidence at Rennes has not delighted Colonel Fanizardi, who, according to the *Corriere di Napoli*, has threatened to resign his commission in the Italian army unless the Government will permit him to make a public reply to the calumnies cast upon his honour.

Photo. Russell
SIR JOHN BRIDGE.Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR EDWARD FRANKLAND.Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. FRANKLIN LUSHINGTON.Photo. Fry and Son.
MR. C. M. CHAPMAN.Photo. Buder, Croydon.
THE LATE ALDERMAN LAYTON.



"OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION'S GONE": AN UP-RIVER INCIDENT.



M^r BILSON'S HOUSEKEEPER

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

by BRETT HARTCE

CHAPTER III.

When the news of the marriage reached Buckeye Hill it did not, however, make much scandal, owing, possibly, to the scant number of the sex who are apt to disseminate it, and to many the name of Miss Jansen was unknown. The intelligence that Mr. Bilson would be absent for a year, and that the superior control of the Summit Hotel would devolve upon Miss Trotter, did, however, create a stir in that practical business community. No one doubted the wisdom of the selection—everyone knew that to Miss Trotter's tact and intellect the success of the hotel had been mainly due. Possibly, the satisfaction of Buckeye Hill was due to something else. Slowly and insensibly Miss Trotter had achieved a social distinction; the wives and daughters of the banker, the lawyer, and the pastor had made much of her, and now, as an independent woman of means, she stood first in the district. Guests deemed it an honour to have a personal interview with her. The Governor of the State and the Supreme Court Judges treated her like a private hostess; middle-aged Miss Trotter was considered as eligible a match as the proudest heiress in California. The old romantic fiction of her past was revived again—they had known she was a "real lady" from the first! She received these attentions, as became her sane intellect and cool temperament, without pride, affectation, or hesitation. Only her dark eyes brightened on the day when Mr. Bilson's marriage was made known, and she was called upon by James Calton.

"I did you a great injustice," he said with a smile.

"I don't understand you," she replied a little coldly.

"Why, this woman and her marriage," he said; "you must have known something of it all the time, and perhaps helped it along to save Chris."

"You are mistaken," returned Miss Trotter truthfully, "I knew nothing of Mr. Bilson's intentions."

"Then I have wronged you still more," he said briskly, "for I thought at first that you were inclined to help Chris in his foolishness; now I see it was your persuasions that changed him."

"Let me tell you once for all, Mr. Calton," she returned with an impulsive heat which she regretted, "that I did not interfere in any way with your brother's suit. He spoke to me of it—and I promised to see Frida—but he afterwards asked me not to. I know nothing of the matter."

"Well," laughed Mr. Calton, "whatever you did, it was most efficacious, and you did it so graciously and tactfully that it has not altered his high opinion of you—if, indeed, he hasn't really transferred his affections to you."



Luckily Miss Trotter had her face turned from him at the beginning of the sentence, or he would have noticed the quick flush that suddenly came to her cheek and eyes. Yet for an instant this calm collected woman trembled, not at what Mr. Calton might have noticed, but at what she had noticed in herself. Mr. Calton, constraining her silence and averted head into some resentment of his familiar speech, continued hurriedly—

"I mean—don't you see—that I believe no other woman could have influenced my brother as you have."

"You mean, I think, that he has taken his broken heart very lightly," said Miss Trotter with a bitter little laugh so unlike herself that Mr. Calton was quite concerned at it.

"No," he said gravely, "I can't say that! He's regularly cut up, you know! And changed—you'd hardly know him. More like a gloomy crank than the easy fool he used to be," he went on with brotherly directness. "It wouldn't be a bad thing, you know, if you could manage to see him, Miss Trotter! In fact, as he's off his feed and has some trouble with his arm again—owing to all this, I reckon—I've been thinking of advising him to come up to the hotel once more, till he's better. So long as she's gone, it would be all right, you know!"

By this time Miss Trotter was herself again. She reasoned—or thought she did—that this was a question of the *business* of the hotel, and it was clearly her *duty* to assent to Chris's coming. The strange yet pleasurable timidity which possessed her at the thought, she ignored completely.

He came the next day. Luckily, she was so much shocked by the change in his appearance that it left no room for any other embarrassment in the meeting. His face had lost its fresh colour and round outline; the lines of his mouth were drawn with pain and accented by his drooping moustache; his eyes, which had sought hers with a singular seriousness, no longer wore the look of sympathetic appeal which had once so exasperated her, but were filled with an older experience. Indeed, he seemed to have approximated so near to her own age that, by one of those paradoxes of the emotions, she felt herself much younger, and in smile and eye showed it. At which he coloured faintly. But she kept her sympathy and inquiries limited to his physical health, and made no allusion to his past experiences—indeed, ignoring any connection between the two. He had been shockingly careless in his convalescence—had had a relapse in consequence, and deserved a good scolding! His relapse was a reflection upon the efficacy of the hotel as a perfect cure! She should treat him more severely now, and allow him no indulgences! I do not know that Miss Trotter intended anything covert, but their eyes met and he coloured again. Ignoring this also, and promising to look after him occasionally, she quietly withdrew.

But about this time it was noticed that a change took place in Miss Trotter. Always scrupulously correct and even severe in her dress, she allowed herself certain privileges of colour, style, and material. She, who had always affected dark shades and stiff white cuffs and collars, came out in delicate tints and laces, which lent a brilliancy to her dark eyes and short crisp black curls slightly tinged with grey. One warm summer evening she startled everyone by appearing in white, possibly a reminiscence of her youth at the Vermont Academy. The masculine guests thought it pretty and attractive; even the women forgave her what they believed a natural expression of her prosperity and new condition, but regretted a taste so inconsistent with her age. For all that, Miss Trotter had never looked so charming, and the faint autumnal glow in her face made no one regret her passing summer.

One evening she found Chris so much better that he was sitting on the balcony, but still so depressed that she was compelled so far to overcome the singular timidity she had felt in his presence as to ask him to come into her own little drawing-room, ostensibly to avoid the cool night air. It was the former "card-room" of the hotel, but now fitted with feminine taste and prettiness. She arranged a seat for him on the sofa, which he took with a certain brusque boyish surliness—the last vestige of his youth.

"It's very kind of you to invite me in here," he began bitterly, "when you are so run after by everyone, and to leave Judge Fletcher just now, to talk to me, but I suppose you are simply pitying me for being a fool!"

"I thought you were imprudent in exposing yourself to the night air on the balcony, and I think Judge Fletcher is old enough to take care of himself," she returned with the faintest touch of coquetry, and a smile which was quite as much an amused recognition of that quality in herself as anything else.

"And I'm a baby who can't," he said angrily. After a pause he burst out abruptly: "Miss Trotter, will you answer me one question?"

"Go on," she said smilingly.

"Did you know that—woman was engaged to Bilson when I spoke to you in the wood?"

"No!" she said quickly, but without the sharp resentment she had shown at his brother's suggestion. "I only knew it when Mr. Bilson told me the same evening."

"And I only knew it when news came of their marriage," he said bitterly.

"But you must have suspected something when you saw them together in the wood," she said quickly.

"When I saw them together in the wood?" he repeated dazedly.

Miss Trotter was startled and stopped short. Was it possible he had not seen them together? She was shocked that she had spoken; but it was too late to withdraw her words. "Yes," she went on hurriedly, "I thought that was why you came back to say that I was not to speak to her."

He looked at her fixedly and said slowly: "You thought that? Well, listen to me. I saw *no one*! I knew nothing of this!—I suspected nothing! I returned before I had reached the wood—because—because—I had changed my mind!"

"Changed your mind!" she repeated wonderingly.

"Yes! Changed my mind! I couldn't stand it any longer! I did not love the girl—I never loved her—I was sick of my folly! Sick of deceiving you and myself any longer. Now you know why I didn't go into the wood, and why I didn't care where she was nor who was with her!"

"I don't understand," she said, lifting her clear eyes to his coldly.

"Of course you don't," he said bitterly. "I didn't understand myself! And when you do understand you will hate and despise me—if you do not laugh at me for a conceited fool! Hear me out, Miss Trotter, for I am speaking the truth to you now if I never spoke it before. I never asked the girl to marry me! I never said to her half what I told to you. And when I asked you to intercede with her I never wanted you to do it—and never expected you would."

"May I ask *why* you did it then?" said Miss Trotter, with an acerbity which she put on to hide a vague, tantalising consciousness.

"You would not believe me if I told you, and you would hate me if you did." He stopped, and locking his fingers together, threw his hands over the back of the sofa and leaned towards her. "You never liked me, Miss Trotter," he said more quietly; "not from the first! From the day that I was brought to the hotel, when you came to see me, I could see that you looked upon me as a foolish, petted boy. When I tried to catch your eye, you looked at the doctor and took your speech from him. And yet I thought I had never seen a woman so great and perfect as you were, and whose sympathy I longed so much to have. You may not believe me, but I thought you were a Queen, for you were the first lady I had ever seen, and you were so different from the other girls I knew, or the women who had been kind to me. You may laugh, but it's the truth I'm telling you, Miss Trotter!"

He had relapsed completely into his old pleading, boyish way—it had struck her even as he had pleaded to her for Frida!

"I knew you didn't like me that day you came to change the bandages. Although every touch of your hands seemed to ease my pain, you did it so coldly and precisely; and although I longed to keep you there with me, you scarcely waited to take my thanks, but left me as if you had only done your duty to a stranger. And worst of all," he went on more bitterly, "the doctor knew it too—guessed how I felt towards you, and laughed at me for my hopelessness! That made me desperate, and put me up to act the fool. I did! Yes, Miss Trotter; I thought it mighty clever to appear to be in love with Frida, and to get him to ask to have her attend me regularly. And when you simply consented, without a word or thought about it and me, I knew I was nothing to you."

Miss Trotter felt a sudden thrill. The recollection of Doctor Duchesne's strange scrutiny of her—of her own mistake, which she now knew might have been the truth—flashed across her confused consciousness in swift corroboration of his words. It was a *double* revelation to her; for what else was the meaning of this subtle, insidious, numbing sweetness that was now creeping over her sense and spirit and holding her fast. She felt she ought to listen no longer—to speak—to say something—to get up—to turn and confront him coldly—but she was powerless. Her reason told her that she had been the victim of a trick—that having deceived her once, he might be doing so again—but she could not break the spell that was upon her. Nor did she want to. She must know the culmination of this confession, whose preamble thrilled her so strangely.

"The girl was kind and sympathetic," he went on, "but I was not so great a fool as not to know that she was a flirt and accustomed to attention. I suppose it was in my desperation that I told my brother—thinking he would tell you—as he did. He would not tell me what you said to him, except that you seemed to be indignant at the thought that I was *only* flirting with Frida! Then I resolved to speak with you myself—and I did! I know it was a stupid, clumsy contrivance! It never seemed so stupid before I spoke to you—it never seemed so wicked as when you promised to help me, and your eyes shone on me for the first time with kindness. And it never seemed so hopeless as when I found you touched with my love for another! You wonder why I kept up this deceit until you promised? Well, I had

prepared the bitter cup myself—I thought I ought to drink it to the dregs!"

She turned quietly, passionately, and, standing up, faced him with a little cry. "Why are you telling me this *now*?"

He rose, too, and catching her hands in his, said with a white face, "Because I love you!"

Half an hour later, when the under-housekeeper was summoned to receive Miss Trotter's orders, she found that lady quietly writing at her table. Among the orders she received was the notification that Mr. Calton's rooms would be vacated the next day. When the servant who, like most of her class, was devoted to the good-natured, good-looking, liberal Chris, asked with some concern, "If the young gentleman was no better," Miss Trotter, with equal placidity, answered that it was his intention to put himself under the care of a specialist in San Francisco, and that she, Miss Trotter, fully approved of his course. She finished her letter—the servant noticed that it was addressed to Mr. Bilson at Paris—and, handing it to her, bade that it should be given to a groom, with orders to ride over to the Summit Post Office at once to catch the last post. As the housekeeper turned to go she again referred to the departing guest. "It seems such a pity, Ma'am, that Mr. Calton couldn't stay, as he always said you did him so much good." Miss Trotter smiled affably. But when the door closed she gave a hysterical little laugh, and then, dropping her handsome grey-streaked head in her slim hands, cried like a girl—or, indeed, as she had never cried when a girl.

When the news of Mr. Calton's departure became known the next day some lady guests regretted the loss of this most eligible young bachelor. Miss Trotter agreed with them—with the consoling suggestion that he might return for a day or two. He did return for a day; it was thought that the change to San Francisco had greatly benefited him, though some believed he would be an invalid all his life.

Meantime Miss Trotter attended regularly to her duties—with the difference, perhaps, that she became daily more socially popular and perhaps less severe in her reception of the attentions of the masculine guests. It was finally whispered that the great Judge Boompointer was a serious rival of Judge Fletcher for her hand. When, three months later, some excitement was caused by the intelligence that Mr. Bilson was returning to take charge of his hotel owing to the resignation of Miss Trotter—who needed a complete change—everybody knew what that meant! A few were ready to name the day when she should become Mrs. Boompointer; others had seen the engagement ring of Judge Fletcher on her slim finger.

Nevertheless Miss Trotter married neither, and by the time Mr. and Mrs. Bilson had returned she had taken her holiday, and the Summit House knew her no more.

Three years later, and at a foreign Spa, thousands of miles distant from the scene of her former triumphs, Miss Trotter reappeared as a handsome, stately, grey-haired stranger, whose aristocratic bearing deeply impressed a few of her own countrymen who witnessed her arrival and believed her to be a Grand Duchess at the least. They were still more convinced of her superiority when they saw her welcomed by the well-known Baroness X, and afterwards engaged in a very confidential conversation with that lady. But they would have been still more surprised had they known the tenor of that conversation.

"I'm afraid you will find the Spa very empty just now," said the Baroness critically. "But there are a few of your compatriots here, however, and they are always amusing. You see that somewhat faded blonde sitting quite alone in that arbour. That is her position day after day, while her husband openly flirts or is flirted with by half the women here. Quite the opposite experience one has of American women, where it's all the other way, is it not? And there is an odd story about her which may account for, if it does not excuse, her husband's neglect. They're very rich, but they say she was originally a mere servant in a hotel."

"You forgot that I told you I was once only a housekeeper in one," said Miss Trotter, smiling.

"Nonsense! I mean that this woman was a mere peasant, and frightfully ignorant at that!"

Miss Trotter put up her eyeglass and, after a moment's scrutiny, said gently: "I think you are a little severe. I know her—it's a Mrs. Bilson."

"No, my dear! You are quite wrong. That was the name of her *first* husband. I am told she was a widow who married again—quite a fascinating young man, and evidently her superior—that is what is so funny! She is a Mrs. Calton—Mrs. Chris Calton, as she calls herself."

"Is her husband—Mr. Calton—here?" said Miss Trotter, after a pause, in a still gentler voice.

"Naturally not. He has gone on an excursion with a party of ladies to the Schwartzberg. He returns to-morrow. You will find her very stupid, but he is very jolly, though a little spoiled by women. Why do we always spoil them?"

Miss Trotter smiled, and presently turned the subject. But the Baroness was greatly disappointed to find the next day that an unexpected telegram had obliged Miss Trotter to leave the Spa without meeting the Caltons.

THE GENTLE ART OF GOING UPSTAIRS.

Only by surmounting all the difficulties can we reach the stars, wrote one of the few poets of Rome whose name is known to every schoolboy in the land. Happily for the soul of men, the four words can be translated into probably as many different forms as there are translators. They are not hampered by the vexed and vexing question of literalness required of the aforesaid schoolboy by the classical master, who sees in free translations evidence of the soul, which is the attribute of more advanced years of a post-scholastic period, and its development must therefore be checked, lest its precocity should leave the budding youth soul-bankrupt in his later or middle age. And soul-bankruptcy at any age leads straight to the open gates of gaol.

This, however, is not an essay on the precocity of crime, the woes of schoolmasters, or the more eruditio but less interesting proper art of translating the Latin poets into English prose. Yet does it deal with a subject bristling with as many difficulties and laden with as much importance to the common good—a non-metaphorical ascent to

forbid a more detailed definition of the manifold ways of sin in this respect, but if proof is wanted, look at the next woman, and the next, and the next, and see if she have black lines underneath her eyes. Ask if in her back she feels the pain which makes life's pleasures void and the noon-tide sun hold the hue of night. If she answers "Yes," be sure she has not acquired the gentle art of going upstairs, for art it is, and art, we know, takes time and pains to learn and is not accomplished without much wearying of the spirit and more of the flesh. Perchance, because less attention is bestowed on the feet in ascending the staircase than on the hands in fingering the ascending scale, much suffering is caused to the individual, which, in the latter case, is inflicted upon his neighbour. But that is neither here nor there.

The fact remains that as a people, no less than individuals, we ascend our stairs most horribly. Yet from every point of view it were well to acquire this simple art, for the graceful ascent is but the preamble of grace on the level, from which fact may be deduced the other—that on the streets so little real grace, so little real elegance, so

every hour—yea, every minute—of the day, in the woman who picks up her skirts, bends her body forward—half doubled up, in fact—and makes a torment to the body of herself and a torture to the eyes of others of what should be a very graceful and beautiful proceeding to both parties. In this case the weight is thrown upon the backward foot, the very one on which it should not rest. The law of grace, like all other laws, is simple. Let the foot touch the upward stair, even as Agag went, delicately: first the toes, and so on backward to the heel, the whole foot being divided into four imaginary portions, and the weight not being allowed to rest at any one point for longer than any other. Above all, let there be no pause at the heel. That is an accent, a hiatus, a break in the rhythm of the line and means destruction. Hip-joints, knee-joints, ankle-joints, toe-joints, a benevolent providence has bestowed them one and all on woman and on man in order that they be used. Therefore, then, use one and not the other? Ignore the joint at the hip, then must the knee-joint have more work; and more work at the knees means "ploughing." Ignore the joint at the knee



"You see that somewhat faded blonde sitting quite alone in that arbour?"—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

"MR. BILSON'S HOUSEKEEPER."

impossible stars, but a real ascent of very practical steps to the haven at the top of the house where quiet reigns, where rest to the weary is assured, and where, untrammelled by the cares of mere materiality, the worn-out body may seek peace.

Is not upstairs, indeed, the terrestrial representative of the blissful abode in which the stars are set? Does it not seem as far off during the weary hours of the day as their distant dwelling-place? And there are many difficulties to be surmounted ere the place is reached.

Per aspera ad astra! "From the dining-rooms to the realms above!" O soul of literalness, stand still! O man of little Latin, hold thy peace! Translation's spirit flies with untrammelled wing, nor halts and stutters in a schoolboy's mouth.

Per aspera ad astra! Ask the weary flesh, the aching back of womanhood what are the difficulties to be surmounted ere the peaceful place is reached, before the translation is condemned.

"Whatever is, is wrong," declares the cynic, who need only point to the way in which we ascend to our daily Olympus, where the gods obtained their rest and renewed their vigour and their youth, in order to prove his words.

We do, indeed, go upstairs wrongly, vilely, atrociously. Space and all the adjectives and adverbs in the dictionary

little real deportment, so little real walking, and so very much slouching and ungainliness may be seen.

Nor is walking on the level all the advantage to be gained by the acquirement of this not difficult knowledge. Look at the girls who ride on bicycles—and what girl does not—either in bloomers, divided skirts, "rational dress," bicycling skirts, or any of the other garments which commend themselves to the feminine soul when taking its rides abroad. Watch them one and all, and note how they literally "plough" their way—there is no other word—along the streets. Ungainliness shows in every muscle and in every joint. And that is woman—beautiful, elegant, soul-stirring, man-compelling woman—who might be as great a thing of beauty towards the beautiful earth as she is towards the beautiful heaven.

But for stair-climbing, what? It literally depends for the poetry of its motion on the rhythm of its feet—

No verse which halting goes unto its end
Can grace expect its movement to attend.

And is not woman the greatest poem in the world? Then, wherefore should her motion halt? Rhythm never stops, or is its cadence lost. And that is the secret of progression.

There are a million ways of going upstairs, and every one is wrong. One of the wrongest is to be seen

and throw the weight upon the feet, then will both knees be bent, than which what could be uglier? Ignore the joints of the toes and ankles, and as surely as the laws of compensation rule there will be excessive action of the hips.

All the hard work of the ascent of stairs should be done below the knee. That is the reason why far-seeing Nature placed a great strong muscle at the back of the calf. Throw the strain upon that muscle made to bear it, and the back will be relieved—that poor, weak, uncared-for back, where tortures lurk and many pains have their meeting-place. That half-used biceps of the calf cries aloud to be developed. It knows its beauty, and it wants to have it. It won't be happy till it gets it. And wherefore not? That half-used biceps of the calf is stronger than we wot of. That half-used muscle of the calf is to be the regenerator of the world of femininity if only the art of using it can be acquired. In its proper use lies the secret of the gentle art of going upstairs. That art from which so many sermons can be preached, that art from which so many similes can be drawn, that art which is the most difficult to learn on earth, the art of going up gracefully, so that as we ascend really to the upper regions—metaphorically to the stars of our ambition—the process may not be painful to ourselves, nor unpleasant for those who look on to see.

R. DE C.

THE RE-TRIAL OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS: SOME NOTABLE WITNESSES.



M. CASIMIR-PERIER.



GENERAL CHANOINE AND MERCIER.

Among the portraits of prominent witnesses in the Dreyfus case one of the most noteworthy is that of ex-President Casimir-Perier, whose evidence was taken early in the present trial and was the first which may be termed "sensational." Casimir-Perier, it will be remembered, held office for a brief space after the assassination of President Carnot. His sudden resignation he has now shown to have been intimately connected with the famous "affaire."

Of Generals Chanoine and Mercier, who are represented

in close conference, the former was Minister of War during September and October of last year. He is closely attached to Zurlinden; his methods—witness his resignation in the Chamber—have been theatrical. General Mercier was Minister of War from November 1893 to January 1895. He is, perhaps, the bitterest foe of Dreyfus, against whom he produced the secret evidence at the first court-martial. General Boisdeffre was Chief of the General Staff during the first prosecution. He

resigned because he was deceived by Henry. Esterhazy's subterfuges are all well known to him. General Gonse was Colonel Picquart's immediate superior, and is his enemy. He is a bitter anti-revisionist and supporter of Esterhazy. M. Cavagnac has been Minister of War twice since the condemnation of Dreyfus. He is the cousin of L'aty de Clam, and he it was that announced Henry's forgery, despite which he firmly believes in the guilt of Dreyfus.



GENERAL GONSE.



M. CAVAGNAC.



GENERAL BOISDEFFRE.

THE RE-TRIAL OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS.



THE PRISONER BEFORE THE COURT-MARTIAL AT RENNES: "I AM INNOCENT!"

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Marienbad, whither the Prince of Wales has gone for his cure, is one of the loveliest of Continental health resorts. Surrounded by glorious pine woods, the little spas in the heart of the Bohemian Forest. Near at hand are Carlsbad and Franzensbad, less beautiful, perhaps, but equally favoured in their medicinal springs. Many Austrians, and particularly the wealthy Viennese, make Marienbad their country seat, and remain there the whole summer. The Prince of Wales will take the Kreuzbrunn

about the amendment of the Militia Act. The Society wishes, not to mend, but to end it, seeing in it a veiled attempt to enforce military service, and therefore to make England much less of a paradise than it has been

leaders of rival parties. On Wednesday at Hawarden Mrs. Gladstone, who has quite recovered from her recent indisposition, distributed the prizes to Liberal and Tory alike and no word of political gall, but only appropriate honey,



Photo, Dorey

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

waters. He is staying at the Hotel Weimar, which commands the highest part of the town and is close to the Grand Colonnade. In the season sportsmen can enjoy plenty of hunting; for the reigning head of the Metternich family, Prince Paul, and his lovely wife Princess Melanie, own an immense deer park, which separates Marienbad from Koenigswarte, their country seat.

On his arrival at Marienbad, on Aug. 11, the Prince of Wales was welcomed by a large crowd. Early next morning his Royal Highness visited the promenade and took his first draught of the waters. He met and conversed with many English people who have the honour of his acquaintance. The Prince's medical attendant, Dr. Ott, is entirely satisfied with his patient's condition. The Prince is very popular with the people of Marienbad, who call him "Unser Prinz."

The Princess of Wales has left England again for one of her long absences. Arriving from Sandringham on Saturday with Princess Victoria, she spent Sunday in London, and on Monday set out for Germany, whence she will proceed to Copenhagen, a city in which she has never ceased to feel at home. Whether, as once before, she will again extend her autumnal tour to Athens is not yet announced.

The Society of Friends has presented an address to Lord Lansdowne, expressing its concern at the talk



THE GRAND COLONNADE, MARIENBAD.

till now for men who believe that the Gospel is disobeyed by him who goes into war, even a war of defence.

Miss Helen Mar, the accomplished "American Storyteller," had the honour of being invited recently by Colonel and Mrs. Cornwallis West to entertain H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at Newlands Manor. This was Miss Mar's third appearance before the Prince this summer. Her lightly humorous and fanciful "Stories" were thoroughly appreciated.

On Aug. 12, acting under orders from the Cabinet, the French police arrested M. Déroulède at Croissy, his country seat. M. Déroulède was taken to Paris. Two other arrests were made, including that of M. Marcel Habert, who was apprehended at Laval, on his way to Rennes. The reason alleged for the arrests is that a plot has existed since July to overturn the Government.

Flower shows are particularly peaceful occasions, but they have figured in our national history as functions at which important pronouncements have been made by

fell from the lips of Mr. Morley, who has taken a house close to the castle, to be within reach of the materials, almost overwhelming in amount, for his Gladstone biography.

On Saturday, Aug. 12, a large gathering of visitors and inhabitants took part at Penmaenmawr in the

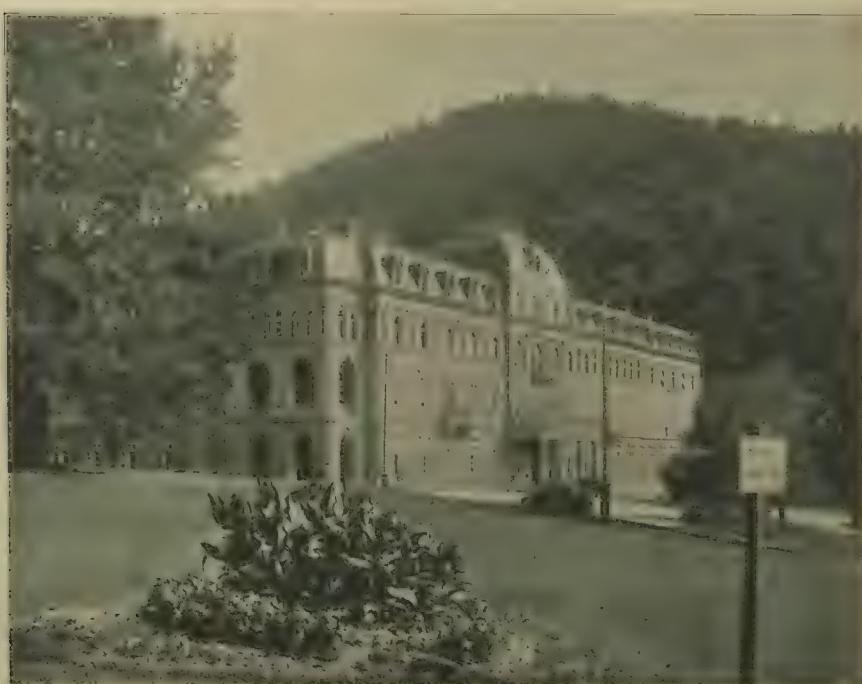
ceremonial
of uncovering
a life-size
bronze
bust of Mr.
Gladstone,
erected by
local sub-
scription.
Mr. Albert
Toft, of
Chelsea,
has pro-
duced a
remarkably
fine rep-
resentation
of the late
statesman,
and gallant
little Wales
is to be
congratulated
on its loyal
commemora-
tion of
"a lofty
name, a
light, a
landmark
on the cliffs
of fame."



GLADSTONE STATUE AT PENMAENMAWR.
UNVEILED ON AUGUST 12.

Peking has asked the Tsung-li-Yamen to concede the rights of constructing a railway to an Italian syndicate. The proposed line is to extend from Che-kiang to the Poyang Lake. Another railway is projected to Peking along the western hills. Mining rights have also been asked.

The proverb that there is no fire without smoke may now be almost rendered as "There is no fireside without a smoker." When Queen Victoria began to reign it was quite otherwise. The tobacco then consumed in the United Kingdom showed an average allowance of about twelve ounces for each inhabitant, against a weight of twenty-one pounds at the present day. The increase is so great that in the last financial year the Custom-House cleared nearly nine million pounds of tobacco more than it did during the preceding year.



Photo, supplied by A. S. Lenkins.

THE CENTRAL BATHS, MARIENBAD.

The Tennyson memorial window, which has been placed in Haslemere Church by friends and neighbours of the late Laureate, was unveiled last week by the Bishop of Ripon, who was one of Lord Tennyson's most intimate personal friends. The window represents a scene familiar to all readers of Tennyson—namely, Sir Galahad

at the moment of the attainment of his search for the Holy Grail. As will be seen from the photograph which we reproduce, Sir Galahad is represented kneeling at the entrance to the little chapel in the lowly vale, and on the shrine is the Holy Grail, the object of his search, with an angel kneeling behind. The window was designed by Sir E. Burne-Jones.

The new Frontier policy of the Indian Government has been generally approved by the Anglo-Indian Press. One of the leading journals declares it to be the most important work that Lord Curzon has yet undertaken. His Excellency's autumn tour is expected to be by way of Delhi, Gwalior, Lucknow, Agra, Benares, and other places.

The Channel gun-boat incident was as exciting as it was unusual, and although everyone must regret that it ended in the death of a French fisherman, still our fishery rights must be defended at all costs, and this is a lesson which foreign trespassers on our preserves will do well to lay to heart. On Wednesday morning last week her Majesty's gun-boat *Leda* observed a Boulogne boat called *L'Étoile de la Mer* fishing in prohibited waters a mile and a half inside the Dungeness Lighthouse. Lieutenant Vernon Maude, the Commander, immediately hailed the vessel and called on her to lay-to. The vessel, however, stood away, refusing to stop, although repeatedly signalled, and by clever seamanship managed to baffle the gun-boat for a good two hours.

After the Lieutenant had chased her for an hour and a half, he ordered his crew to fire blank cartridge. The fishing-boat still refused to lay-to, and accordingly the *Leda* opened fire with ball, the crew having strict orders to fire into the rigging. After eight shots the fishing-boat hove to, and on sending a boat to board her, Lieutenant Maude found that one man had been killed. The unfortunate fisherman proved to be Jules

Auguste Loth. The fishing crew were brought prisoners to Folkestone, and the Captain was fined £10 for illegal fishing and £5 for resisting capture. At the inquest held on the body of Loth, Lieutenant Maude was exonerated from all blame, as what had been done was done in the proper discharge of duty.

Early last Sunday morning a French trading schooner, known as the *Paquebot No. 5*, of Lannion, Brittany, was sunk by the steam-ship *Hercules*, of Dantzig, not far from the Goodwin Lightship. The ship sank in ten minutes, and five of her crew were drowned. It is said that the steamer had hailed the schooner in vain.

The Transvaal crisis is a crisis still. Very moderate was the message in the Queen's Speech which announced in quite unruffled English that negotiations are pending between her Britannic Majesty and the Government of the South African Republic. At Pretoria the talk about the Franchise still proceeds with thrust and party. Her Majesty's representative asks for particulars. The Transvaal Executive replies that he already has them. The proposal for a Joint Commission, made by Mr. Chamberlain, is met by the rather irrelevant statement that Mr. Chamberlain wants to force on war. Meanwhile, Sir Alfred Milner—whose latest portrait we publish—consistently



TENNYSON MEMORIAL WINDOW IN HASLEMERE CHURCH.

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Keeps in view the removal of the voting disabilities of the Uitlanders, and Mr. Rhodes expresses the opinion that peace will be preserved, and reforms gained, if the Home Government is firm. That is just the word which friends and foes alike must accord to Mr. Chamberlain's tone; and the despatch of fresh troops to the Cape suits the action to the word.

On Aug. 12 the Vandyck Exhibition was opened at Antwerp by the Burgomaster Herr Van Ryswijck. The Governor of the province was present at the ceremony, also the Cardinal-Archbishop of Malines. Many distinguished foreign delegates also assisted.

The latest hurricane in the West Indies has been a particularly disastrous one. The district of Adjuntas was devastated, whole villages being swept away. The port of Arecibo has been destroyed by inundations of river and ci



Photo, Wright and Andrew, Bloemfontein

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF SIR ALFRED MILNER.

sea; the town of Yauco, with its port of Guanica, has been wrecked; Patillas has been blotted out. Flocks and herds have perished in the floods. But the loss of human life has been the most appalling, the inique at Ponce containing at one time five hundred dead bodies, and the number of deaths in another district is estimated at two thousand.

The German Emperor's *Meteor* won in the Solent the £80 prize of the Royal Yacht Squadron in the race for the big boats at Cowes, the Queen's Cup, the Cowes Town Cup, the big-boat prize of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, and the Earl of Desart's Challenge Cup for big-boat racing at Ryde.

A morning paper, which was once edited by Coleridge, and which has lately justified its lineage by an increased interest in the higher literature, publishes the first poem written by Mr. Rudyard Kipling since his illness. It is called "Cruisers," and it consists of eleven verses of four lines. The laureate of "the liner, she's a lady" cannot always be at his happiest; and he is something short of it in his description of the accosting schooner, "night-walking wet sea-lanes." There are some things that are best not to be boasted about; not

perhaps professional secrets in the official sense of the term, but matters of professional reserve by personal choice and taste. Even the liner, being a lady, has her own private affairs; much more the cruiser, who is designated by her poet as of the same sex, though not of the same station.



THE CHANNEL INCIDENT: THE FRENCH TRAWLER "L'ETOILE DE LA MER."



THE CHANNEL INCIDENT: H.M.S. "LEDA."



SALUTE TO A DEAD CHIEF IN THE FAR NORTH-WEST.

North-American Indians, in passing a burying-place, never omit to pay respect to the memory of a chief who has gone to the happy hunting-grounds. A few words of a war-song, a war-whoop, a holding up of calumets towards the body on its lofty perch, a few guttural sentences, and they pass on in true Indian file.



Photo. R. W. Thomas.

MARLOW REGATTA: THE SENIOR-JUNIOR SCULLS FINAL.

Saturday, Aug. 12, saw the close of the Thames regattas as far as "best boat" races are concerned. The gathering at Marlow brought a fair day's sport and a considerable attendance. In the morning some preliminary heats of the sculling races were rowed, and in the afternoon, in addition to the deciding heats, the contests of pairs, fours, and eights, and a tug-of-war in punts were the chief events. In the eight-oared race, a senior-junior event, Henley, Kensington, and Kingston made a good race, finishing in

the order named. The Grand Challenge Cup for Senior Coxswainless Crews was won by the Old Etonians. In the other four-oared events victory fell to the Marlow Rowing Club. The final for the senior-junior sculls produced a fine race, in which J. Beresford, of Kingston, beat A. H. Cloutte, of London, by half a length. The Senior Pairs Challenge Cup was contested by the Tritons, an Eton College holiday club, against the Vikings. The latter won the first heat, and in the second secured their victory

against Kingston. The evening celebrations were very brilliant and enjoyable, and made a fitting conclusion to a successful Marlow week. Other regattas were held on the same day at Hampton Court and Ditton; also that of the Anglian Boat Club at Chiswick. At Hampton Court the races were devoted entirely to contests between ordinary river craft. The meeting was very successful. The entries were large, the racing keen, and the weather delightful. Reading regatta comes to an end to-day.



TRAINING FOR THE REGATTA.



ON THE BEACH, SANDOWN, ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CRISIS: DEFENCES OF PRETORIA.

The Boer leaders, who lose no opportunity of invoking the protection of Providence for the South African Republic, are not, perhaps, quite so confidently simple as at first sight they seem. If Napoleon was a cynic when he said that Providence was on the side of big battalions, the Boers are not very far behind him, after all. They have been replenishing their armouries with the most modern weapons; and their defences are kept in all possible readiness and repair. We publish to-day sketches of the southern defences of Pretoria, as seen from two points of view by a correspondent who made leisurely pencil drawings of them. Moreover, a new fort has just been erected by the Boers on Hospital Hill, overlooking Johannesburg. It is not by artificial ramparts, however, that the Boers can best protect themselves. In one sense, at any rate, Providence has been their friend and their fortifier. Lying in ambush behind hillocks, the Boer marksman has done his worst by his foes in "battles long ago," and even during the Jameson raid he did his work sufficiently,



THE SOUTH FORTS AS SEEN FROM PRETORIA.

although expert authority declares the Boer's aim to be vastly less accurate than it was—for he, too, has paid the penalty of a life in cities. What "cover" did for him at the taking of Majuba Hill must always remain as a record. Our men, who had the position General Colley believed to be impregnable, fell on that day by hundreds, while the attacking Boers, leading, as we thought, a forlorn hope, lost only two men in all. If the memory of that amazing battle fires illusory hopes in Boer bosoms to-day, no one can very much wonder. Hence it is that instead of openly facing the political facts, and at once accepting Mr. Chamberlain's offer for a Joint Commission of Inquiry, the Boer leaders are busily burrowing underground. They are sinking their mines, concentrating their artillerymen at Pretoria, arranging with the railway companies for the rapid mobilisation of the burghers, working day and night in their War Office—an establishment we must not mention with a smile—and frotting under the detention at Delagoa Bay of a consignment of war material, including 15,000 rifles.



THE DEFENCES OF PRETORIA ALONG THE JOHANNESBURG ROAD.

THE PHILIPPINE TROUBLE: THE DAMAGE TO THE MANILA RAILWAY.



ONE OF THE AMERICAN CAMPS FOR DEFENCE OF THE LINE.



CHARRED RUINS OF POLO STATION AND GOODS SHED.



RAILS AND SLEEPERS TORN UP ON THE ENTRE RIOS SECTION.



RUINS OF CALUMPIT STATION AND YARD, SHOWING INSURGENTS' TRENCHES.



BAGBAG BRIDGE CUT BY INSURGENTS LAST APRIL.



THE CUT GIRON-BAGBAG BRIDGE, SHOWING TEMPORARY BRIDGE IN PROGRESS.



WRECK OF THE RIO GRANDE BRIDGE, CALUMPIT.



PART OF THE ARMoured TRAIN.



Photo Hughes and Mullens.

REVIEW OF THE HANTS VOLUNTEERS BEFORE THE QUEEN AT OSBORNE.

REVIEW AT OSBORNE.

A memorable week of brilliant weather fell to the good fortune of the Portsmouth Volunteer Infantry Brigade, consisting of five Volunteer battalions of the Hampshire Regiment, for their encampment in the Isle of Wight. Another piece of local luck was theirs; for, being within reach of Osborne, the Queen summoned them thither to a review on Aug. 11. General the Duke of Connaught appeared on horseback on the parade field, where also were General Sir Baker Russell, in command of the Southern District, and General the Hon. H. Crichton, in command of the Volunteer Brigade. Several presentations were made to her Majesty, including those of Colonels Cave, Perkins, Holbrook, and Cradock; and refreshments were served to officers and men. On Saturday morning the Volunteers made a record for themselves by a night attack upon two of the Island's forts. The citizen soldiers showed that they were capable of marching forty miles in thirty-

six hours, and then, after a brief bivouac, of attacking positions three miles farther on in such a vigorous manner as to win the applause of the professional critic. The Golden Hill and Cliffe End Forts, marched upon by two attacking forces, one from Ashey and another from Sandown, proved their vigilance even at two in the morning, though an assistant umpire held the opinion, consoling to the invaders, that at one moment, in real war, a brilliant rush would have forced an entry into the Cliffe End Fort.

Some anxiety is felt as to the condition of St. Mary-le-Bow, one of Sir Christopher Wren's finest churches. Several large cracks have developed, and it is feared that the ground has subsided, owing to the works of the Central London Railway. The original church was destroyed at the time of the Great Fire. Immediate steps are to be taken to ensure the safety of the structure.

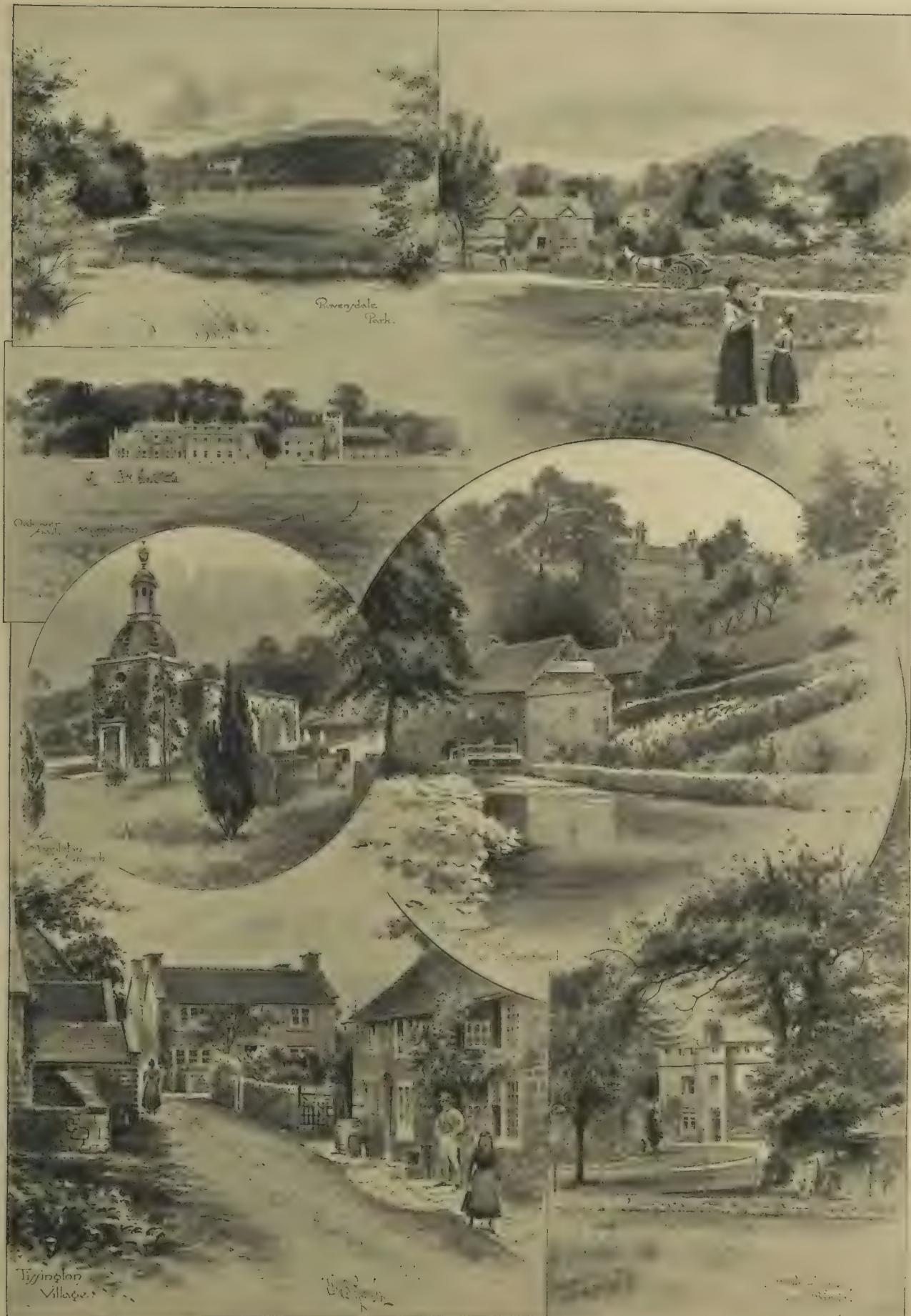
H.M.S. "SANSPAREIL" IN COLLISION.

Just at the close of the naval manoeuvres an untoward accident occurred between the *Woolf* and the Eddystone Lighthouse on Aug. 7. The fleet was sailing in four lines, one of which was headed by the *Sanpareil* battle-ship. By some misadventure the battle-ship came in collision with the *East Lothian*, a Glasgow vessel of 1389 tons, bound from Nantes to Cardiff. It appears that the merchant-vessel was not observed on the battle-ship, although the captain and mate seemed to have shouted an alarm. The *Sanpareil* cut deeply into the *East Lothian* and damaged her so seriously that in seven or eight minutes after the collision she went down. The captain's wife and son and all the crew, with the exception of three men, managed to scramble on board the warship. Two of the missing men were picked up by the boats, but the third, a seaman named William Collins, belonging to St. David's, was drowned.



THE SINKING OF A FULL-RIGGED MERCHANT VESSEL OF 1400 TONS BY H.M.S. "SANSPAREIL" OFF THE LIZARD.

From a Sketch by a Naval Officer.



SCENES IN DOVE DALE, NEWLY OPENED TO TOURISTS BY THE LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.



THE YACHTING SEASON: A TRANSIT.

LADIES' PAGE.

Fashion proceeds on the principle of "The King is dead, long live the King!" for no sooner is our wardrobe well stocked with all the garments possible for us to wear during the existing weather than we begin to think with a sort of wistful wonder what will be the new styles for the next on-coming season. It is idle to say, as I perceive a certain fashion-writer ventures to do, that the present modes at a French or Belgian seaside place will give the



CHECK TWEED DRESS, WITH LEATHER COLLAR.

slightest notion of even the near autumn, far less of the distant next spring fashions. Even the prophecies of the caterers for the capricious dame are apt to be falsified. The designers and "buyers" to the great houses are, indeed, aware long beforehand as to what they mean to offer, but what will be adopted by their more influential customers is a very different matter. It is impossible to foretell what will be accepted and what will be firmly declined by leaders of society, from whom all fashions descend.

Certain tendencies, however, are not exhausted in one season, and of these is the use of real lace in abundance. Lace is being now applied in a novel fashion to fur, ready for the decoration of autumn gowns, and ladies with clever fingers, a stock of lace, and a desire for trying a new form of fancy work, can turn their attention in this direction. A piece of fur can have a somewhat damaged and worn bit of old lace laid against it, and worked down on it so as to remake it by means of the ordinary lace stitches; or tiny scraps of fur, such as the furriers have left over in the course of their work and are glad to sell at a nominal price, will be worked in the interstices of a lace pattern with button-hole stitch, the whole then being backed with fine batiste to support it. Small pieces of lace thus treated will alone be used for such purposes as edgings to panels, deep collars to opera-cloaks, and strips to be laid on revers and on vests to bodices. The open-patterned laces, coarse and heavy guipures, remnants of old Venetian rose point, and similar laces alone are suited for mingling with fur; the fine makes of lace would be unsuitable. Sprays of finer lace, even those appliqués on an old and worn net foundation, can, however, be thus admirably utilised.

Through the pen of a courteous correspondent, Irish-made lace begs to have a word of recognition. Well, it is justly deserved. Nearly every known variety of lace is now admirably copied by Irish workers; and the industry of the needle, in this form and in embroideries, is a very large source of wealth to the cottage women. The revival of the industry in the Green Isle dates from the potato famine in 1845-46. Harriet Martineau declares that the women and girls of Ireland were so quickly trained, and proved so adapted to such delicate work, that soon after the famine year they were thus earning no less than eighty to ninety thousand pounds per week, over 400,000 of the women being employed! From another source, as reliable as the author

of "The Thirty Years' Peace," I learn that at the present day one great firm alone pays out to the Irish peasant women £27,000 per annum for lace-making and other forms of the craft of the needle. My readers will find Irish lace as beautiful as any they can purchase, and it ranges from the cobwebby "Limerick" to solid raised needlepoint in patterns like Venetian rose-point lace.

Many kind hearts have aided in this development of an Irish industry. The very charming and uncommon sort of lace known as "Carrickmacross," which has for its special feature to appliqué a pattern in fine cambric on to net, with the aid of many lovely stitches, owed its establishment to the late Marchioness of Bath; but so many names deserve mention that it seems almost unjust to single out even this important example. Government aid, too, has been given to Ireland in this respect, as in many others, in a way that England has lacked; considerable grants from the Science and Art Department have been awarded for the best designs for the use of the Irish lace-workers. But, after all, the nuns in the convents have been the main agents in the introduction of this industry to Irishwomen. What motives lead women to retire into those retreats in the present day, I know not; but certainly it is not incapacity for living in the world and sharing in efforts for secular well-being. Nuns, no more than any other human beings, can dispense with preliminary training to enable them to make their exertions as effective as their natural powers will permit; and, therefore, they have sometimes failed as nurses of the sick, for they have tried to make piety and goodness of intention the substitutes, that they never can be, for technical training; but, given that training, it is wonderful what they have proved able to do in their freedom from worldliness and personal ambitions.

One of the most interesting features in Miss Nightingale's story is the humble, gracious letter that she wrote to the "Mother" of the nuns, who were at first her chief assistants in the Crimea. With the generosity of true greatness, Miss Nightingale declared that the leader of the nuns was far more fitted than herself to have had the organisation of affairs, and that her own services were exceeded by those of the nurses from the cloister. Another distinguished illustration of what "the sisters" can do is to be found in the record of the transformation effected by them at Foxford, County Mayo. They have been not merely both the teachers and "school attendance committee" of the children; they have not only carried elementary sanitation into the cottages of the district and taught the virtues of whitewash, chimneys, pig-styes, and manure-pits; but, when they had thus proved their common-sense, they were entrusted by the Government relief committee, known as the Congested Districts Board, with the expenditure of no less than £5000, from which they employed unskilled labour in making roads, turning narrow bridle-paths into carriage-drives, and established more than one technical industry, the chief and most remarkable being a mill for weaving blankets, flannels, and all sorts of woollen goods, which has an annual turnover of some eight thousand pounds. Similar remarkable business capacity shown by these quiet women has worked wonders in developing the lace industry. The convents of Kenmare, Killarney, and Youghal are specially famous for their laces, some quite uncommon kinds. I possess a beautiful specimen of the flat needlepoint of the Poor Clares, Kenmare; every stitch is executed by the needle, and lightness and solidity are unusually well combined.

Certain Irish railway companies have very wisely been endeavouring for some years past to develop the country for tourists. An essential to drawing visitors anywhere is a good, high-class hotel built at an attractive spot. How well such an establishment will succeed is proved by the present experience of the Belfast and County Down Railway, with their fine Sieve Donard Hotel, Newcastle, County Down. It stands amidst the most beautiful scenery, close to the sea, and near the famous Mourne Mountains—a sea comparable to the Mediterranean for blueness and limpidity, and a range of mountain scenery of exceptional beauty and interest. The hotel is new, and in every respect up to modern requirements of the best class. The happy result of the enterprise of the company is that the hotel is at the present time full to overflowing with visitors, and to such an extent that the management have had to secure two private houses in order to find sleeping accommodation for some of the guests who have arrived. Among those staying at the present time are Lord and Lady Arthur Hill and family, the Right Hon. Colonel and Mrs. W. B. Forde, Sir William and Lady Pollitt, Sir William Hudson and party, as well as a large number of other English and American tourists and visitors.

The comical lengths to which vegetarians carry their whim find illustration in the devotion by their leading journal of more than a column of space to the question of whether the votaries of the cult can properly eat loaf sugar. At first sight this toothsome delicacy might appear above suspicion. Honey, now, is a nasty animal product, but surely sugar from the sugar-cane is all right? But, bethink you, did you never see a child hold sugar to a candle and get blood out of it? The solemn vegetarian had done so, and accordingly he addressed a question to numerous refiners and chemists: was blood used to clarify sugar? We may breathe again; they all assured him that this was a practice of the dark ages. Phosphoric acid and lime are now substituted. As to the "blood" which can be cooked out, that is merely burnt sugar!

Our illustrations show two dresses for the moors, finished, as is so desirable for walking over the heather, with leather round the foot of the skirt. The one in a broken check-tweed is adorned with a collar of leather, and has the tunic pointed over the leather hem. The other is a home-spun or cloth gown, trimmed with bands of stitched cloth, and having a leather vest.

A new sort of veiling is finding some favour: it consists of half the depth in plain, fine-meshed net, and the lower half net spotted with chenille; the idea is that the

mischief effect on the eyes of the spots will thus be avoided, while the piquant effect of the black touches against the clear skin is maintained on the cheeks and chin. Coloured veilings are much worn, but are bad for the eyes, and not becoming to a woman with a good British complexion, which a veiling of red, or blue, or mauve can but bemuddle and conceal. Tulle strings, coming from the back of a hat and pinned up with a brooch or little cluster of flowers on the left shoulder, are a good deal worn at garden-parties; white or black tulle as suits the chapeau. For travelling wear there is a novelty in hats from Paris. It is a soft felt with a round crown and a broad curly brim, trimmed only with a band of parti-coloured or plaid ribbon forming a bow at the left side; the novelty is in the softness or crushable quality and the shape.

Cotton frocks are wonderfully pretty this season. The satin-faced prints at something under a shilling a yard are made in foulard patterns, and look just like the popular silk from a little distance. As much attention is given to the making-up of the cottons as to that of any other smart gowns. A rose-pink cotton dotted with white spots, made as a Princess tunic over a lace flounce, and with a fichu of white muslin terminating in two long ends that were finished near the hem with lace, was exceedingly smart. A blue linen with flounces and revers from neck to a waist of a handsome cotton embroidery of pink and blue on a blue ground, opening over a narrow tucked white muslin vest, was another good example. A blue and white striped zephyr was cut with an eel-skin skirt, the flounce headed with a fancy galon of blue silk braid in two lines connected by lace stitches. Bands of the same trimming ran up to the waist, and trimmed the revers that turned down from the yoke, which was of coarse lace over pink batiste; there was no collar in front, and only a little waterfall of lace at the back of the throat. Yet one more—it was a primrose-cotton printed with little black sprays; two gathered flounces of the material were on the bodice under the bust, and five round the foot; bands of narrow black velvet ribbon were laid on the finely tucked yoke, and placed running round the skirt at intervals in four lines from the flounced part up to the hips, with a broader piece of black velvet for belt and collar. Black and white, so popular under every aspect, is not given up for the hot-weather gown of the present,



HOME-SPUN GOWN AND LEATHER VEST.

and a hair stripe of black on a white ground by no means is a token of mourning. It is seen in muslins, in prints, and in linens, as well as in silks.

Dust-cloaks in linen and piqué have come to us from America, where the heat prevents the wearing of thicker fabrics, while the dust demands protective coverings for the dresses in travelling. These washing coats are made very simply, so that they can pay a visit to the laundress and return like new. Brown holland, made as an ulster coat, double-breasted and fastened underneath a flap like a Chesterfield, quite plain save for a very slightly gathered flounce, is effective and useful for warm weather travel.

FILOMENA.

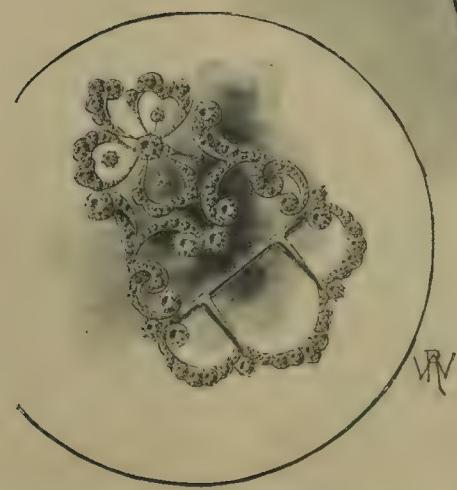
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 31, 1898) of Mr. John William Naylor, of Allerton House, Leeds, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on July 24 by Alexander Sinclair Macpherson and James William Weinwright, the executors, the value of the estate being £455,139. The testator bequeaths £6250 each to the Leeds Dispensary, the Leeds General Infirmary, the Leeds Women and Children's Hospital, the Leeds Deaf and Dumb Institution, and Leeds Cookridge Convalescent Home. He also bequeaths £10,000, upon trust, for his cousin, Benjamin Naylor, for life, and then for his daughters; £6000 each, upon trust, for his cousins, John Joseph Naylor, Helen Walker, Mary Jane Whitaker, and Sarah Anne Fleetwood, and their respective children; £6000 to the children of Elizabeth Esther Nussey; the income of £5000 and the use of Jessamine Villa, for life, to his sister-in-law, Mary Ann Firth; £500 each to his executors, and many other legacies and annuities. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew, Thomas George Mylchreest.

The will (dated July 5, 1898), with four codicils (dated Sept. 5, Sept. 5, and Oct. 20, 1898, and May 19, 1899), of Mr. Williams Stevens, of 421, Strand, and of Selsdon Park, Croydon, proprietor of the *Family Herald*, who died on June 30, was proved on Aug. 2 by Mrs. Jeanette Stevens, the widow, George Norton Stevens, the brother, and Robert Norton Stevens, the cousin, the executors, the value of the estate being £27,094. The testator gives £1000, his household furniture, live and dead stock, and an annuity during her widowhood of £4000, or of £500 in the event of her remarriage, to his wife; £200 each to his executors, and legacies to persons in his employ and servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for all his children, in equal shares, his daughter Evelyn's share to be reduced to £5000 in the event of her marrying without the consent of his wife during her widowhood, and afterwards of his executors.

The will (dated Oct. 6, 1893), with two codicils (dated June 18, 1893, and April 15, 1896) of Sir Alfred Sherlock Gooch, Bart., of Benacre Hall, Wrentham, Suffolk, who died on Feb. 24, was proved on Aug. 3 by the Rev. Edmond Rochefort Yerburgh, the Rev. Philip Sherlock Gooch, Thomas Middleton Morris, and Ernest Middleton Morris, the executors, the value of the estate being £168,223. The testator gives £300 to his secretary, F. A. Harmer; £1000 to Emilie Gibson; £500 to his valet, Frederick Folkard; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his son Thomas Vere Sherlock Gooch.

The will (dated May 5, 1892), with a codicil (dated April 18, 1893), of Mr. Ambrose Pandia Ralli, of 33, Porchester Terrace, Hyde Park, and of Messrs. Ralli Brothers, Finsbury Circus, who died on March 13 at St. Remo, was proved on Aug. 5 by Mrs. Marietta Ralli, the widow, and Pandeli Leonidas Argenti, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £115,765. The testator bequeathed his leasehold house and £5000 to his wife; an annuity of £300 to his stepmother, Mrs. Catherine

Pandia Theodore Ralli, and subject thereto left all his property, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then in equal shares to his children. Portions of £15,000 each are to be settled on his daughters who shall marry during the lifetime of his wife, and with her consent.

The will (dated Jan. 3, 1899), with two codicils (dated Feb. 24 and May 15, 1899) of Mr. John Dickson, of Wold House, Nafferton, Yorkshire, who died on May 14, was proved on Aug. 3 by William Edward Henry Jennings and Arthur John Wise, the executors, the value of the estate being £95,004. The testator gives £5000 each to his nephews Francis Dickson Wise and John Richard Dickson Romyn; £3500 to Francis Newstead Preston; £3000 each to Cyril, John, and Richard Preston; £1500 each to Grace, Ethel, Blanche, and Lilian Preston; £500 each to Bertram and Gilbert Hurst; £250 each to the two children of Jane Alexander; the income of £3000 to his niece Elizabeth Goolwin; £4000, upon trust, for his niece Ruth Hurst and her husband and children; £5000, upon trust, for his niece Jane Alexander and her husband and family; an annuity of £200 for his niece Grace Swayne; the income, for life, of £3000 each for Mary and Lucy Wise; the income of £3500 to his housekeeper, Sarah Ethel; and a few small bequests. He devises Wold House and all other his real estate to his nephew Arthur John Wise, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his said nephew Arthur John Wise.

The will (dated Jan. 27, 1899) of Mr. James Harris, of Passmores, Great Parndon, Essex, who died on June 17, was proved on Aug. 1 by Charles William Harris and William Arthur Harris, the sons, Mrs. Phyllis Jane Coop, the daughter, and Francis Randall Palmer, the executors, the value of the estate being £51,093. The testator leaves all his property, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Harris, during her life, she paying £50 per annum to his daughter, Mrs. Coop. On the decease of Mrs. Harris, he gives £50 each to his brother Richard Harris and his sister Mary Allen; £500 to his grandson, Kenneth Randall Palmer; his shares in James Harris and Chase, Limited, to his sons, Charles William and William Arthur; £8000 each to his daughters, Alice Emily Palmer and Phyllis Coop, and the ultimate residue of his property between his four children.

The will (dated Nov. 22, 1897) of Mr. John Walker Anderson, of 7, Lowndes Square, who died on July 9, was proved on Aug. 3 by John Anderson, the brother, Major-General Leopold Victor Swaine, and James Frederick Burton, the executors, the value of the estate being £24,351. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and the use, during her widowhood, of his pictures and plate to his wife, Mrs. Letitia Sophia Anderson; £100 each to his sisters, Lucy Maria Greenhill and Mary Anderson; 50 guineas to Frederick William Yeates, and £200 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated May 21, 1897) of Mr. Andrew Muir, of 42, Holland Park, who died on June 12, was proved on

Aug. 4 by Edward Sidgwick and Stuart James Hogg, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £35,678. The testator gives £500, all his furniture and household effects, and an annuity of £1600, to his wife; £4000 to his daughter, Mrs. Margaret Alice Hogg, in addition to the funds settled on her on her marriage; £6000 each to his sons, Anna Evelyn and Mary Hilda; £5000 each to his sons, James Martyn and Kenneth; £100 each to his executors; and £250 each to his nieces, Janet Evans, Clara Evans, and Margaret Fullarton, and to Isabella Blyth, Marianne Foster, Janet Frith, and Matilda Barnard. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay £13,000 each to his daughters, and the ultimate residue for his two sons.

The will (dated Jan. 26, 1899) of Mr. John William Zorapore Wright, of Ladbroke Lodge, 1, Ladbroke Square, Notting Hill, who died on June 18, was proved on Aug. 1 by Mrs. Emily Elizabeth Wright, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £13,504. Under the provisions of the will of the Rev. John White he appoints the sum of £25,000, subject to certain life interests, as to one third each to his sons Bernard Duncan Zorapore Wright and Edward Zorapore Wright, and one third, upon trust, for his son Malcolm Zorapore Wright; and by the powers of two indentures he further appoints the trust premises therein mentioned, as to one sixth to his son Bernard, one third to his son Edward, and one third, upon trust, for his son Malcolm. He gives to his wife £1000, all his ready money and that on current account at his bankers, all interest due to him at the time of his decease, and his household furniture and effects. His residuary estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his sons Bernard and Edward.

The will, with eight codicils, of Mrs. Emily Letitia Harenc, of 12, Strathmore Gardens, Kensington, and of the Lower Hall, Ledbury, Herefordshire, who died on May 22, has been proved by Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Edward Harenc, the son, and Miss Emily Frederica Louise Harenc and Miss Sophia Edith Harriet Harenc, the daughters, the executors, the value of the estate being £11,210.

The will of Mr. George Murray Farquharson, of 39 Egerton Gardens, who died on May 7, third son of the late James Farquharson of Invercauld, was proved on Aug. 2 by Mrs. Ethel Maud Farquharson, the widow, the value of the estate being £5841 10s. 6d.

The privilege of serving one's country, as a modern statesman in England serves it, is sometimes dearly bought. Posterity may read with mixed feelings that one of the adjuncts of a Cabinet Minister during a portion of the peaceful reign of Queen Victoria was a policeman in plain clothes. One such guardian of the public man, Inspector Conquest, has just retired into private life with the sobriquet of "Mr. Gladstone's detective," earned by his close shadowing of that statesman between the years 1882 and 1886.

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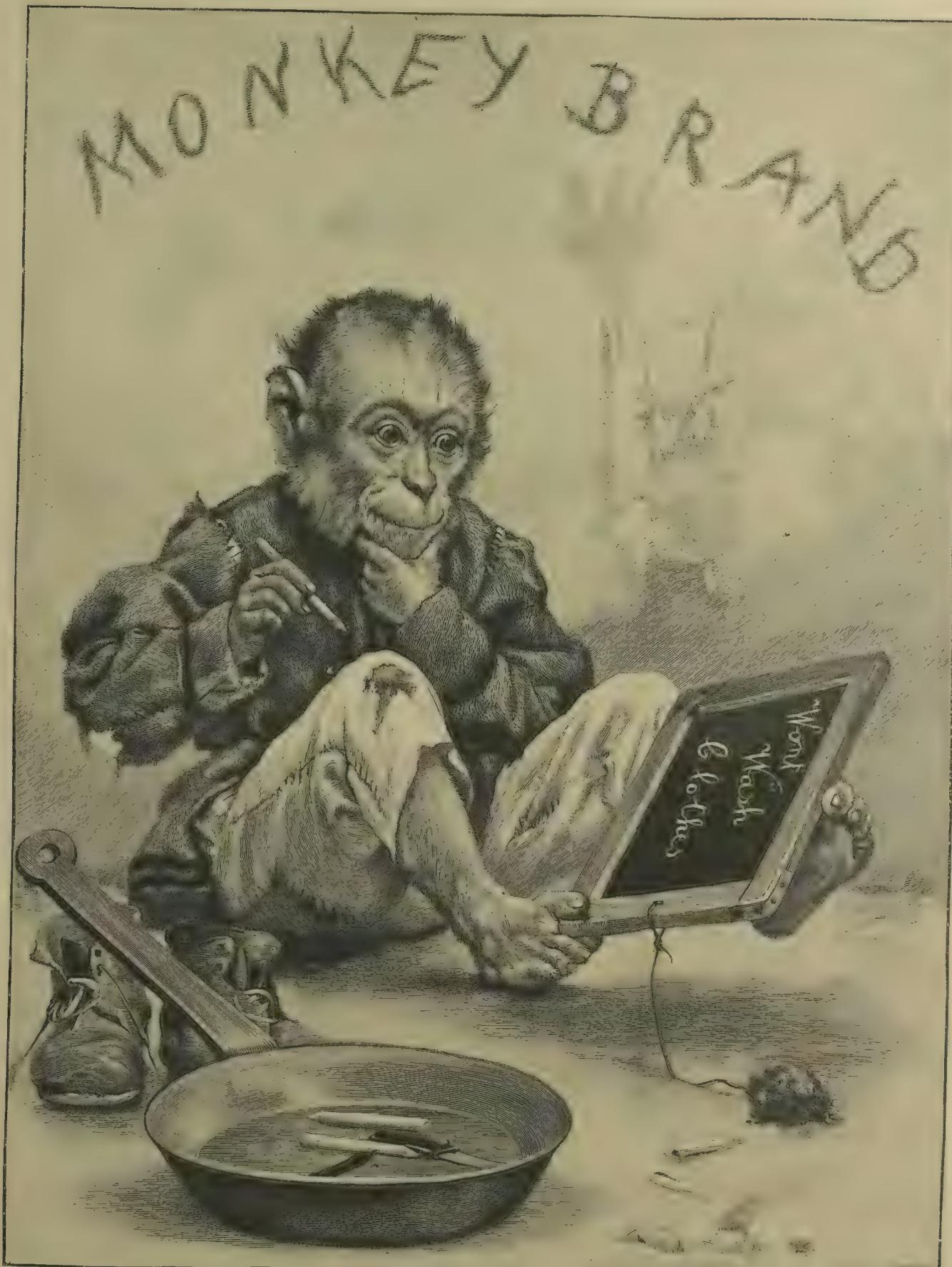
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Canon Gore is drawing very large congregations at the Abbey on Sunday evenings. August might not seem the best month for a series of special services, but the many strangers who are visiting London form of themselves a sufficient audience. Americans are great admirers of Canon Gore, and they are taking full advantage of the present opportunity of hearing him.

All the chief ecclesiastical residences of London will be empty till the end of September. Fulham Palace and the Deanery of Westminster are closed. Archdeacon Sinclair has left St. Paul's Chapterhouse for a long visit to Scotland. Both Archbishops are enjoying a well-earned holiday. Dr. Temple is at Windermere, where he has as a neighbour Dr. Parker, of the City Temple. The Archbishop of York has left for the Continent, and will be absent till the niddle of October.

The Rev. Alfred William Gough, who has been offered by the Bishop of London the important Vicarage of Bromley, is an Evangelical of broad views, and has already done admirable work in Yorkshire. He has filled curacies at Doncaster, Stokesley, and Hull, and was for a short time the very popular and successful Vicar of Holy Trinity, Wakefield.

One of the most interesting of London clergymen is Probendary Whittington, Rector of St. Peter-upon-Cornhill, who has been celebrating the jubilee of his connection with the parish. He claims to be a collateral descendant



CASKET PRESENTED TO MR. HENNIKER HEATON.

The casket which the Corporation of the City of London presented to Mr. Heniker Heaton, M.P., in recognition of his services in the establishment of Imperial Postage, is illustrated on this page. It is of solid 18-carat gold, oblong in shape, with pointed ends, supporting at one end of the casket a finely modelled figure of Britannia, and at the other an allegorical figure representing Canada. The centre panel of the front face of the box contains the arms in enamel of Mr. Heniker Heaton, and the panels on either side an enamelled view of a mail coach and a mail train respectively. The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, 112 Regent Street, are responsible for the design and execution of this beautiful example of the goldsmith's art.

of the famous Sir Richard Whittington, to whom the living at one time belonged. Sir Richard left it to the Corporation, who held the patronage for over five hundred years. In 1849, when the present rector came as curate to St. Peter's, many of the wealthiest City merchants and tradesmen lived over their places of business. To-day the parish has not a single resident ratepayer.

The restoration of York Minster is advancing so rapidly that the work on the east end will be completed in September, and the restoration of the stonework on the west front will begin as soon as the great scaffolding is completed. The restoration fund amounts to nearly £12,000.

Sir George Martin, organist at St. Paul's, has started for South Africa, and will be absent for several months. In the autumn he will take the duties in Cape Town of Examiner to the Board of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music.

The Metropolitan Tabernacle will resume its work next winter under very favourable circumstances. Only £6500 remains to be collected for the rebuilding fund, and the officials are hoping to raise a good part of this in the holidays. The large hall has been well filled every Sunday during the summer.

The Bishop of Honduras has received an anonymous gift of magnificent Communion-plate for use in St. John's Cathedral, Belize. The chalice is of antique pattern, and is richly jewelled with pearls and rubies.

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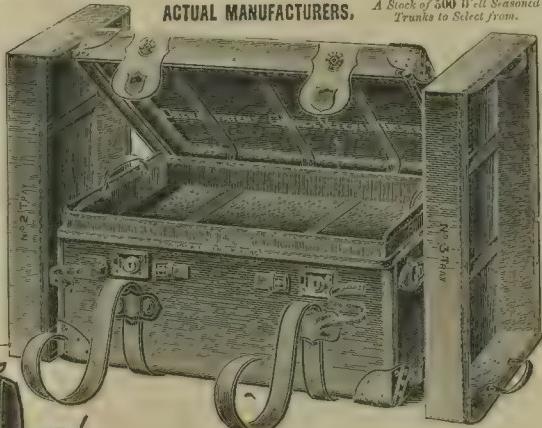
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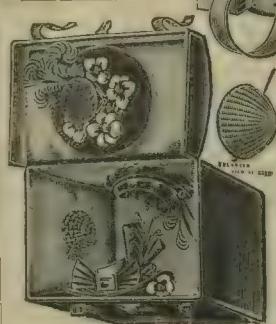


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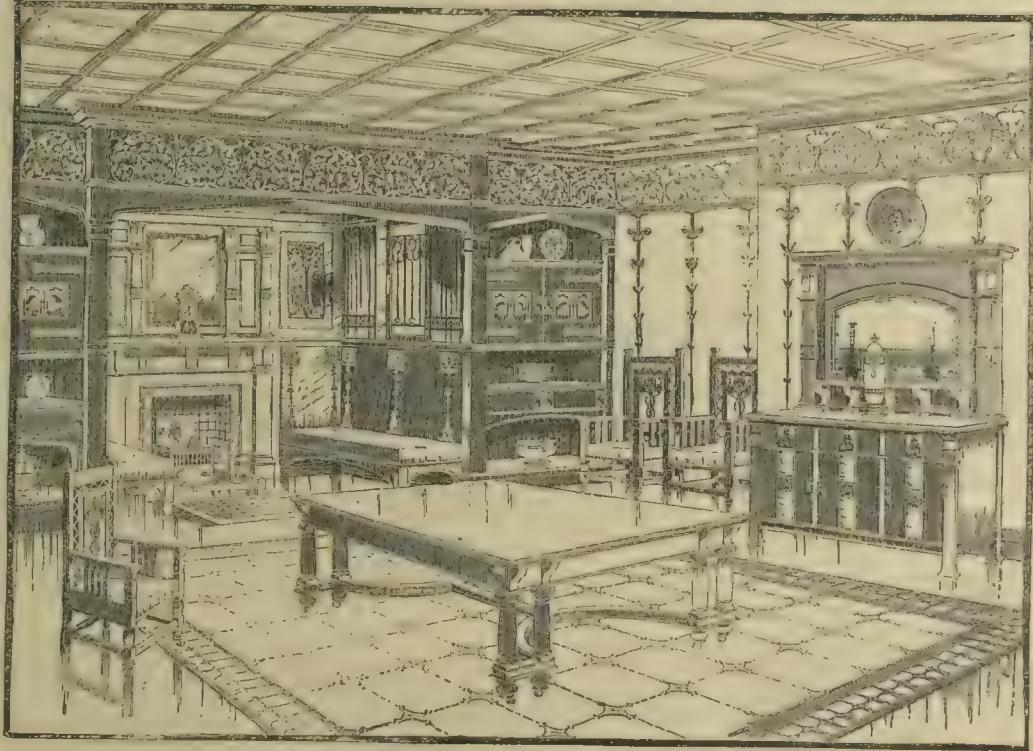
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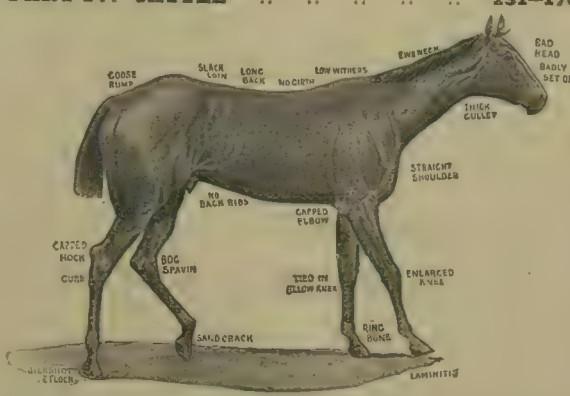
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REVIEWS.

The Kingdom of the Barotsi, Upper Zambia. By Alfred Bertrand. Translated by A. B. Mailly. (P. Fisher Unwin.)
Twelve Months in Klondike. By Robert C. Kirk. With one hundred Illustrations and a Map. (W. Heinemann.)

A valuable addition to our knowledge of the interior of Central South Africa, between Rhodesia and the Congo State territory, was made about three or four years ago by Captain A. St. H. Gibbons, Mr. Percy Reid, and a Swiss gentleman, Captain Alfred Bertrand, in their exploration of the country situated north of the Zambezi, above the Victoria Falls. Concise reports of it were read before the Royal Geographical Society of London, in January 1897, and were printed in that Society's journal. Captain Bertrand's fuller narrative, written in French, here translated, makes an interesting book. It is a simple, artless record of incidents and observations, day by day, in South Africa, from April 1895 to February of the next year; but our attention may be confined, for the novelty of the information here given, to the experiences of travel beyond the Zambezi, from June 24—which in that part of the globe is midwinter, not midsummer—to the first week of October. The account of visits to well-known places in the Cape Colony, the Kimberley diamond-mines, the stations on the railway line through Leichuanaland, Khama's new native capital at Palapye, and Buluwayo, the new British capital

of Matabeleland, differs not much from what one has read before. Journeying northward from Buluwayo to the Zambezi, along the western frontier of Matabeleland, the party of four Europeans, including Mr. F. D. Pirie, with hired native servants, formed quite a caravan, having one large wagon and two smaller, with teams of oxen to draw them, horses and spare horses to ride, pack-donkeys, hunting-dogs, and plenty of stores. But after crossing the Zambezi, at Kazungula, where that river is joined by the Linyanti, and entering the land of the Barotsi nation, their style of travelling was much reduced. Leaving first the wagons and oxen behind, in the keeping of a few trusted men, they soon lost the horses, two of which were devoured by lions, others died of the poisonous bite of the tsotsi-fly. The success of these gentlemen, able and skilful as the three leaders of the expedition were, seems to have been mainly due to the aid of the estimable French and Swiss Protestant missionaries, M. Coillard and M. Goy, at Lealuiyi and at Sesheke, and M. Louis Jalla, of Neufchâtel, at Kazungula, whose labours of Christian piety and charity have won for them great influence with the Barotsi. The King, Lewanika, reigning at Lealuiyi, in the extreme north-west corner of his realm, which is as large as Germany, but has only 260,000 of population, is favourably disposed towards the religion of the white men; his son and heir-apparent, Prince Litia, residing at Kazungula as Provincial Governor, is a professed and attentive Christian. For a manifestly truthful description of

the Barotsi and of the larger part of their country we refer to this book, our space not allowing further particulars to be quoted here. It opens a very hopeful prospect of good work to be done in a region of South Africa hitherto but little known.

Gold-seeking, not on the City Stock Exchange but in Nature's own reserved deposits among the rocks and rivers of a wild and barren region, is a manly, honest, toilsome industry, nowhere practised hitherto with less of culpable misbehaviour than in the last two years among the hardy adventurers of Klondike. Mr. Kirk, who arrived on Oct. 16, 1897, at Dawson City, which is situated nearly six hundred miles inland from the Alaska sea-coast, at the confluence of the Klondike River, in the Canadian Dominion, with the great continental river Yukon, whose lower course is through United States' territory, has written for us a most useful and interesting book. Concise and simple in style, temperate and unaffected, curiously precise in every statement of details, with a keen observation of men, animals, habits of living, scenery, and physical conditions, and a shrewd perception of the social value of characteristic anecdotes, never related in an unkindly spirit, this small, compact volume is a model for travellers writing. The author used a photographic camera, and presents us with all the views and figures that can be desired to render ocularily visible the subjects of his exact descriptions. We could only wish for a larger and fuller



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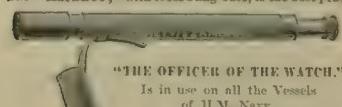
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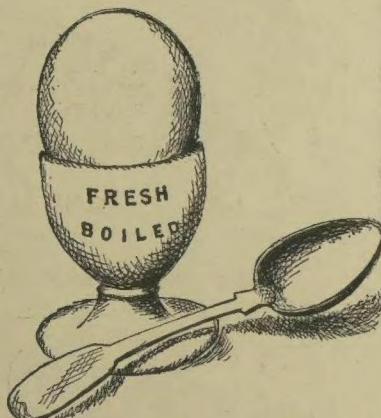
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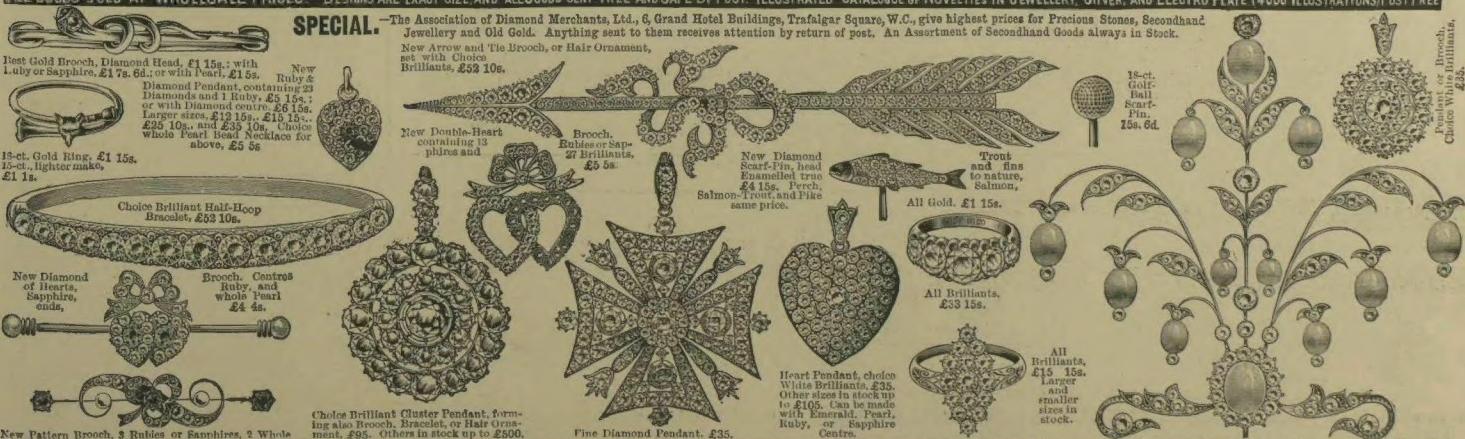
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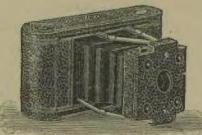
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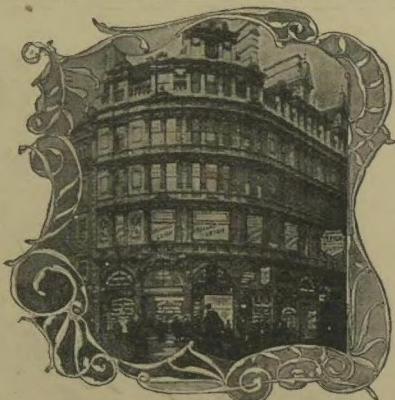
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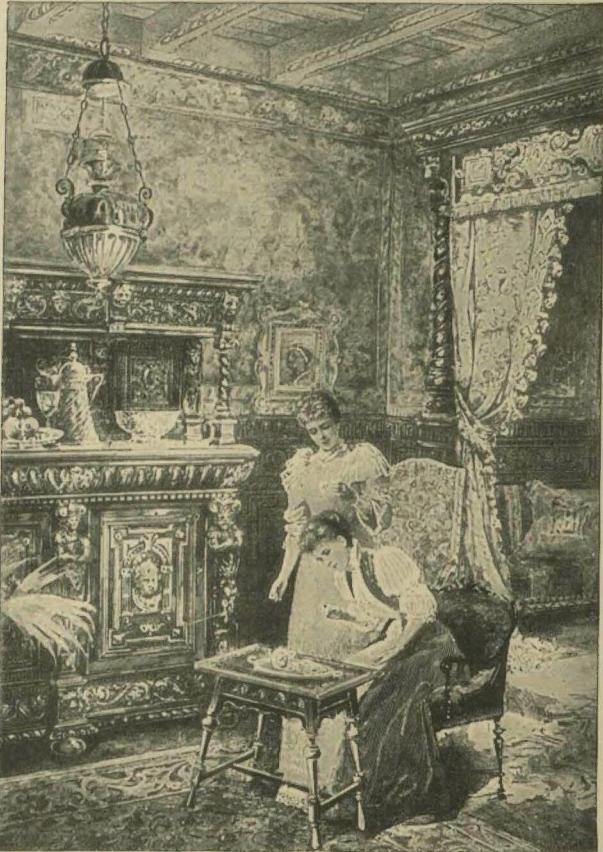


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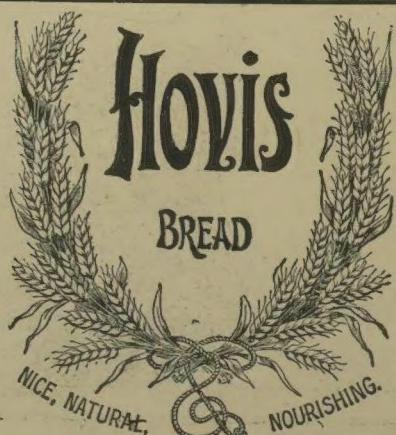
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